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1870





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# HISTORY

OF THE

Princeton

# CLASS OF 1870.

LD 4604

1870

Οπλα δεος πορεν.

THE 123D GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

College of New Jersey.

BY

FRANK H. PIERCE, N. H.,

CLASS HISTORIAN.

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PUBLISHED BY STELLE & SMITH,  
PRINCETON, N. J.

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# FRESHMAN YEAR.

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## CLASS OFFICERS.

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President.

GRAFTON FOX.

Secretary,

WILLIAM R. REEVE.

Treasurer,

WILLIAM D. THOMAS.

Historian,

FRANK H. PIERCE.

## FIRST SESSION.

### ENTERED.

CHARLES H. ASAY.....	Columbus.
JOHN G. BERGEN.....	Petersburgh, Ill.
GLYNDON BROWN.....	Washington, D. C.
WILLIAM H. F. BUCK.....	Baltimore, Md.
JOHN M. CONRAD.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN CRAWFORD.....	Newark, Del.
EDMUND DAVIS.....	Milton, Pa.
MARCUS H. DOUGHERTY.....	Omena, Mich.
GRAFTON FOX.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
HENRY C. FREESE.....	Trenton, N. J.
WALTER GASTON.....	Somerville, N. J.
CHARLES L. GURLEY.....	Washington, D. C.
GEORGE H. HOOPER.....	Griggstown, N. J.
ANDREW E. HOOVER.....	Washington, D. C.
ALBERT W. HUSTED.....	Galena, Ill.
JAMES M. JOHNSTON.....	Washington D. C.
GEORGE M. KEASBEY.....	Newark.

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GEORGE B. KINKEAD, Jr.....	Lexington, Ky.
JAMES E MILLIGAN.....	Ikesburg, Pa.
OLIVER B. NAGLE.....	Milton, Pa.
LEVI H. NISSLEY.....	Hummelstown Pa.
THOMAS PARRY.....	Beaver Dam, Wis.
JOHN E. PATTERSON.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
THEODORE C. PATTERSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN E. PETERS.....	Newark.
FRANK H. PIERCE.....	Hillsboro, N. H.
THOMAS SWENK.....	Milton, Pa.
SAMUEL B. PRICE.....	Branchville.
THOMAS C. PROVOST.....	Caldwell.
FREDERICK S. RAWLINS.....	Princeton.
WILLIAM R. REEVE.....	West Hampton, N. Y.
GEORGE W. SAVAGE, Jr.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
FRANK R. SCHELL.....	Bedford, Pa.
WILLIAM P. SCHELL.....	Bedford, Pa.
ASHER B. TEMPLE.....	Princeton.
WILLIAM D. THOMAS.....	Glasgow, Scotland.
FLETCHER A. VALENTINE.....	Yonkers, N. Y.
JOHN VAN VORST, Jr.....	Jersey City.
ISAAC H. WELLING.....	Belvidere.
ROBT. G. WILLIAMS.....	Festiniog, Wales.
SHORT A. WILLIS.....	Houston, Texas.

## LEFT.

JOHN G. BERGEN.....	Petersburgh, Ill.
ISAAC H. WELLING.....	Belvidere.
GRAFTON FOX.....	Harrisburg, Pa.

## SECOND SESSION.

### Class Officers.

President,  
GEORGE H. HOOPER.  
Secretary,  
FRANK A. WARD.  
Treasurer,  
ROBERT G. WILLIAMS.  
Historian,  
FRANK H. PIERCE.

### ENTERED.

CHARLES B. ALEXANDER.....New York City.  
THOMAS B. BROWN.....Washington, D. C.  
JAMES M. CROCKETT.....Troy, Tenn.  
WILLIAM B. GLEN.....Yadkin Co., N. C.  
CHARLES F. IMBRIE.....Jersey City.  
HUGH G. KYLE.....Rogersville, East Tenn.  
ROBERT M. PETRIE.....Manchester.  
WILLIAM B. SPENCER.....Erie, Pa.  
THOMAS D. SUPLEE.....Wes Philadelphia, Pa.  
WYNANT VANDERPOOL.....Newark.  
FRANK A. WARD.....Rochester, N. Y.

### LEFT.

GLYNDON BROWN.....Washington, D. C.  
JOHN M. CONRAD.....Pittsburg, Pa.  
HENRY C. FREESE.....Trenton.  
CHARLES L. GURLEY.....Washington, D. C.  
ANDREW E. HOOVER.....Washington, D. C.  
JAMES E. MILLIGAN.....Ikesburg, Pa.  
ROBERT M. PETRIE.....Manchester.  
SAMUEL B. PRICE.....Branchville.  
WILLIAM R. REEVE.....West Hampton, N. Y.  
FLETCHER A. VALENTINE.....Yonkers, N. Y.

## FIRST SESSION.

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The first notes of the chapel bell on August 16th, 1866, came not unwelcomely to the ears of forty Freshmen, of different sizes, forms and appearances. A thrill of "pleasurable emotion" shot through their souls, when on nearing this classic site, the long tapering spires, the shaded walks and the awe-inspiring appearance of the somewhat dilapidated town, told them that they were about to enter upon a new arena of life; still dearer was the sensations to feel that the restraints of boyhood, and the Spartan-like obedience required at boarding schools were past, and that the comparative freedom of a college life awaited them. To the reading man, it marked the commencement of an epoch, when, with wise rules to follow, and mines of ancient lore to examine, he could, with propriety, when his course was finished, be called a walking history; to the classical man it opened a rich field of research and wisdom among the *δεῖς καὶ* and *ἐπαρχῶς*, which, when fully understood and digested, would make him a *living* Greek. With them all, in fact, it was an eventful period.

On wending their way through the Campus to morning Chapel, they gazed with awe upon the massive buildings of Revolutionary renown—with reverence upon the stately bearing of dignified "Profs.," and with feelings akin to fear upon the numerous groups of staring upper-classmen. Imbued with the progressive spirit of the age, no sooner

was Chapel reached, than a "rush" was made for seats, the majority securing the right ones. Two aspiring individuals, however, like "Verdant Green," of Oxford notoriety, unconscious of the trespass they were committing, seated themselves among the Juniors, while one snugly ensconced himself in the transept. All lisped out a feeble response to the first roll, occasionally a "present" was heard which "brought down" the excitable Sophomores, who, seated close by our side, indulged in many a hearty ha! ha! at our expense(?).

Chapel over, the oily face of the inevitable Dennis greeted us, who, washing his hands

"With imperceptible soap,  
In invisible water,"

induced, alas! too many to invest in his new furniture "just shipped from New York."

At 11 A. M., the bell congregated us in the old Fresh room, under Geological Hall, to there meet Tutor Mudge for our first recitation in Herodotus. Billy Buck was the first to recite, and acquitted himself with such praise that many a whisper said, "There's our 1st honor man." Glyn Brown followed, enlightening both Tutor and classmates with the startling fact that the mother of Herodotus was a woman, his father a man, consequently Herodotus was a boy. This matchless piece of reasoning created quite a furor. The gentleman from Scotland was observed to move uneasily in his seat, and if "class-room" etiquette had not prevented, would doubtless have ventured to "remark" or raise a "point of order." Mudge's "sufficient Sir," happily followed, and the class, well satisfied with their first encounter, gathered the laurels so nobly won, and proudly made their exit.

Electioneering for Hall soon commenced. The merits and defects of both societies were secretly and confidentially made known. Seniors noticed us, Juniors gave us the

benefits of their smiles, and even Sophomores paid us attention. Flattery was freely used, the career and merits of many noble graduates from both halls were shown up, we were patted on the shoulder, the epithets, "right smart Freshman," "would be a shame to enter this or that one," "was struck by your prepossessing appearance first time I saw you," and other such friendly expressions greeted us as long as we remained neutral. When, however, our choice was made, we noticed a fearful decline in our popularity with certain individuals. It was no longer "you're a smart chap," and "won't you have a cigar," but "poor Freshy." As it was, 25 entered Clio, 16 Whig.

Though coming from different parts of the country, and entire strangers when we entered, the ties of class and *freshness* quickly bound us close together. We well knew we must tread the beaten track of preceding classes—had their trials to undergo—their joys to experience and their hopes to realize.

Rooms were mainly secured in close proximity to each other. North College proved the favorite. GURLEY, JOHNSTON, VALENTINE, WILLIS, & Co., held sway in the west end; GASTON, SCHELL, PARRY and their supporters in the east. We determined in case of an attack to stand by one another "until death should us part."

After recitation, on Monday, 19th, the class adjourned to No. 3, N. College, and there held its first class meeting, for further protecting ourselves against the Sophs. THOMAS, (better known as Patrick Henry,) presided. To maintain secrecy, the ventilator was shut, and the windows, with one exception closed. After several suggestions and motions had been made, a knock was heard. WILLIS, (then known as the "Infant,") thinking it came from some late brother, cautiously opened the door, when—horrors! in popped Johnnie's head, and—

"Ugh! Ugh! what does this mean? You had no right to hold this meeting. Send you all home to-morrow," fell

upon our affrighted ears. THOMAS, seeing the game was up, made for the open window and vanished. T. PATTERSON and REEVE quickly followed suit. The remainder looked in vain for some avenue of escape, but there was none. Fright, for a time, was trumps. The venerable face of our worthy President relaxed into a broad smile, as he viewed the disastrous effect of his unsought, unexpected visit. Moving farther into the room, with sundry "ughs" and "hems," for an introduction, he explained the enormity of the offence in holding a meeting without his sanction, and closed by commanding us never again, on pain of expulsion, to have an unauthorized meeting. For a few days affairs went along smoothly enough; then, a "change came o'er the spirit of our dreams." FREESE had made himself obnoxious to the Sophomores. With Jimmy Harrison for a leader, a crowd from '69 started for the above named gentleman's room. The double bolted, doubled barred door could not be forced, and FREESE for a time was safe. PETERS, hearing the noise, came out to enjoy the sport. No sooner was he spied than a rush was made for poor John. Immediately his room was filled, his table upset, and he requested to chant the Greek Alphabet. Tom Provost, his chum, aided by the darkness and confusion, slipped out unseen. We have heard dark stories about their putting PETERS to bed—of his scanning Hackley's algebra, treating them to the original war-whoop, and performing other little acts of courtesy. Be that as it may, he was soon to be delivered from the hands of his tormentors; a cry of "John," startled his visitors. There is a lively scramble for the door. The entry is gained, a tumbling down stairs follows, and they disappear in the darkness. A new actor—none other than the irrepressible John—appears on the stage.

"Ugh, Ugh, are you hurt Mr. Peters?"

PETERS. "N-no, Sir."

John. "Ugh, ugh, Sophs. been round, have they? Send

them all home ; you come over and stop with me to-night."

PETERS, like a true gentleman, answered : " No thank you, Dr., I have no fear ; and if I should come, I might cause you and your *wife* too much trouble."

*John*. " No, no-no ; no trouble at all ; come with me. Have no wife—never had any."

It is fair to say that PETERS remained unshaken in his resolve to remain in his room, wife or no wife, and that never again was he molested. E'er the term closed other rooms were visited, their occupants treated to the refreshing fumes of Killikinick, their counterpanes slightly soiled by muddy feet, their carpets used as spittoons, and other little pleasantries indulged in. One room in particular, we remember, where the "Hogi Mogi" were hospitably entertained. They found liquors and segars awaiting them. Bountifully they partook of both. The effect was marvellous. Yea, verily ! their tongues were loosened, and their hearts waxed warm. On leaving they sang a song something like the following :

" These, hic, boys are jolly, hic, good fellows,  
Which, hic, nobody can, hic, deny."

Even the walls of the entry next morning bore witness to the fact, that from the abundance of the stomach, the walls and floors speaketh.

Sunday, 24th, Dr. Maclean presided over our class prayer-meeting in the Junior room. The attendance was good. His simple and devout manner, joined with his references to the hearts at home that prayed so fervently and watched so anxiously over us, produced a deep and lasting effect. In a touching manner he prayed for our safe journey over the temptations and quicksands of our college course, and manifested that tender, kind love, so characteristic of his Christian soul. Three weeks after the beginning of the term, Hooper entered, swelling our little band to 42. The day after Hooper's arrival, the *Atlantics* and *Athletics* played in Philadelphia. GASTON, F. & W. SCHELL, SWENK,

HUSTED, DAVIS, FOX, CONRAD and JOHNSTON "cut" and witnessed the game. Here, for the first time, the wayward proclivities of certain members of the class became apparent, though afterward their names are so indissolubly connected with every "spree," that they received from students, as well as the Faculty, the worthy name of "Incorrigibles." They were also the first who delivered their "moral character" into the hands of that august body, the College Faculty. Ten disorder marks individually, with a sharp reprimand collectively, constituted the punishment.

Gradually we conformed to college customs; gradually the unpleasantness of the first segar wore away; gradually we mastered the "Honeyman." We found the services of the college to be conducted in a peculiar, KEASBEY would say, in a truly lamentable manner. Punctually at 7 every morning the clang of the bell rudely summoned us to early morning prayers. Delays in this matter were dangerous, for should a poor fellow, with one leg out of bed, deliberate for a moment whether 'twas best to draw out the other or take just one more little snooze, the weakness of the flesh usually prevailed; and though he felt that duty and chapel claimed him, sleep prevented the body from allowing the claim. Or, in case a quick jump, coupled with a deep grunt, drove Morpheus away and brought you in chapel in time for roll-call, a before-breakfast recitation awaited you, to whet the more sharply your appetite for the veal skin stuffed with bread, or the leather steak that adorned many a boarding house table. Yet, blessed with good teeth and a noble appetite, the cravings of the "inner man" were well assuaged by this unpalatable food.

Our experience in Hall matters taught us self-reliance, and plainly showed that in our unity was our strength. So, caring for nobody, and nobody caring for us, a spirit of independence was fostered, and when NISSLEY proposed to wear a "plug" in chapel, he was pronounced a brick, and was assured of the support of the class. Saturday eve-

ning every Freshman was in his seat long before the bell ceased tolling. Notes saying, "cheer NISS., when he comes in," were freely circulated. Just as Dr. Maclean was reading the hymn, the door opened, and in marched NISSLEY, with his Doylestown plug. Gracefully removing it, with a look of pride and defiance, up the aisle he came. We "came down" with a vengeance; Sophomores hissed; Juniors and Seniors smiled. Hissing and stamping were beautifully blended. The dust rose in clouds. The din was terrible. Johnny pulled his glass esover his nose to find the cause of the fearful uproar. See it he did not then, so with a lecture on the disgracefulness of such a proceeding in a place of worship, he gave out the hymn and closed the evening exercises without further interruption. Coming out of chapel we formed a square around the plug and its bearer; the precaution proved unnecessary; no attack was made. The next day NISSLEY made the acquaintance of the Faculty on charge of aggravated disorder. Johnny told him if he was sent home, it would be what he richly deserved. Undoubtedly the punishment would have been severe had not Bloomy and Ledyard interposed, thus saving him. On the following Monday, THOMAS, PARRY and CONRAD *persuaded* GASTON to accompany them on a marauding expedition to the neighboring orchards; PARRY ostensibly to distribute tracts, in reality to reconnoitre the ground, and gain, as Sheldon would say, "a comprehensive view of his subject," had previously visited an adjoining farm house, and for two long hours had basked in the sunlight of the smiles of a buxom woman of forty, and her two gushing daughters. At 11 P. M., Monday night, these worthies stole from the East end of North Reaching the field—

THOMAS wanted GASSY to climb the tree,  
 This GASSY couldn't see;  
 So, THOMAS did climb the tree,  
 Not, like Zacchias, his Lord to see;  
 But—for apples to seize.\*

\*Henderson.

Success rewarded their efforts, and early in the morning they returned heavily laden with their ill-gotten plunder.

Class elections the last of October resulted in choosing FOX, President, REEVE, Secretary, THOMAS, Treasurer, and PIERCE, Historian. Nov. 4th a report ran around like wild-fire that THOMAS was a wizard and mesmerist. The friendly feeling he manifested toward all, his philosophical sayings, combined with the long raven locks streaming down his shoulders, well warranted the truth of the rumor. That night his abode was packed by a curious throng, desiring to enjoy the ethereal feelings of a spiritual trance. HUSTED courageously ventured to first pass the ordeal, and, taking a seat, requested the master of ceremonies to put him in the land of dreams. THOMAS, removing his coat with demoniacal mein, approached his subject, and commenced his gesticulations, slowly at first, but soon his hands flew around with fearful velocity. This performance lasted some ten minutes, when HUSTED, appearing as *fresh* as ever, THOMAS decided him a subject too poor even for the spirits to notice, and requested CONRAD to take a seat. "All right," says CONNY, seating himself. Again THOMAS commenced his manoeuvres. CONNY seemed to loose his sensibility, gradually his eyes closed, his legs straightened, and he, to all appearance, was mesmerized. THOMAS redoubles his exertions—says the spirits are around, and enjoins perfect silence. With peculiar feelings we gaze upon the stony countenance of our esteemed classmate. THOMAS, with a magical wave of the hand, pronounced him insensible, and proceeded to question our inanimate friend—but, not long, for to the first inquiry, "What am I?" CONRAD, jumping from the chair, with a yell, exclaimed, "A — imposter!" The effect was ludicrous. THOMAS was completely non-plussed, and his confusion increased by the prolonged roar that welcomed his first and last attempt in that, as yet mysterious science.

This CONRAD was a genius; if he could persuade himself into the belief that he was sick, he was happy; if he could avoid a recitation he counted it as so much gain, and ever expressed a warm admiration for the easy habits and quiet life of the "Fat Boy," in Dickens' "Curiosity Shop." From his proficiency in the art of spitting, he was familiarly known as the "spittist." With Gig HOWELL, he was an immense favorite. He smoked his segars, praised his J. O. speech, and so far insinuated himself into the affections of that notorious Junior, that eatables, room and pocket-book were always at CONNY's disposal. Taking it easy one day in GLEN's room, he was disturbed by "Tar Heel's" saying: "CONNY, if 'tis fifty feet to a certain place, how many yards of moonshine are necessary to make a jackass a pair of breeches?" The "spittist" slowly arose, eyed "Yadkin" for a moment, and quietly said: "GLEN, what's your measure?" Somebody about that time was "bored." In this connection the Historian can, with fitness, mention another celebrity, GASTON, whose name will always be associated with *fires*. His destructive bumps were wonderfully developed; nothing was too good or too poor to be spared. His fatherly chum, "Patrick Henry," often endeavored to tame down the bounding pulse of youth with advice—once, it is said, with the lash. The advice fell upon a hardened heart, the lash upon a hardened frame. With this gentleman, and his box of matches for merriment—with the routine of study for occupation, and with SCHELL's *watermelon* spree for anxiety, time passed swiftly until Nov. 6th, when Fresh independence was fully established. On that eventful day we marched into Chapel Stage Speaking with canes. FRED. RAWLINS carried a banger larger than himself. Again there was a medley of hissing and stamping. After the speaking, FOX, WELLING and SWENK marshalled their forces in battle array to resist the expected onset of the furious Sophomores. A few appellations more euphonious than polite, were hurled at us—nothing further.

From that day a cane adorned the hand, as well as a segar the mouth, of every member of the class of '70.

Quarterly examinations now stared us in the face. The day previous the 1st Division cut Mudge in Greek, receiving, individually, five disorder marks for this departure from the paths of rectitude. The 2d Division, profiting by their punishment, attended to the usual duties, which may account for the high rank in class of its members. When examinations were passed, great interest was manifested in respect to the grades—eight or ten expecting “first.” But alas! for human expectations! PETERS led the van, G. BROWN came up somewhere in the rear. Next night the class in a body started to give PETERS and CRAWFORD a call. They were “non est.” Some fertile brain suggested THOMAS’ room, and thither we went. We treated him to a song, a walk-around, and many a joke. E’er we had said “good night,” the infallible Johnny turned up. The light was doused in a moment, and a hasty pushing for the door ensued. Fox landed plumb in John’s arms.

“Ugh, Ugh, who’s this?” said he.

“Mr. Jones,” was the reply

“No, no, no; you are lying,” answered the Doctor, still holding Fox by the neck, who was compelled to acknowledge the corn and give his right name; whereupon he was requested to “call over” to the Doctor’s study at 8 o’clock next evening. T. PATTERSON, darting past them, gained the stairs; two leaps brought him into the Campus. How he escaped a broken neck ever remained to him a mystery. FREESE, with a peculiar chirp, disappeared in GASTON’S wardrobe. The rest were equally successful in eluding the Doctor’s grasp, and THOMAS was—

“Left alone in his glory.”

It is said that a calm follows a storm. Such was certainly the case now. Hard “polling” was the order of the day. Those high in class determined not to come down, while the lower honor men resolved to come up. Such a spirit

prevailing in the class, but few events worth narrating occurred for a considerable lapse of time.

Three weeks before the session closed, a meeting was called to discuss the expediency of procuring a class stamp. It met with general approval, and a committee of three—HOOPER, HOOVER and PIERCE, were appointed. In one week, the committee reported to a full class meeting, convened at HOOPER'S room. HOOVER'S design resembled the Goddess of Liberty, holding a Livy in one hand and a "trans" in the other, with the suggestive motto: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." It is needless to say that it was indignantly rejected. HOOPER, prefacing his remarks with a neat introduction, then presented a fine device of Vulcan forging the armor of Achilles, bearing the words *Θπλα δεος πορεν* (God has given arms.") This was unanimously carried. When obtained, envelopes, paper, books—in fact, everything received a stamp. It is at present in the hands of the Historian. Foot-ball now succeeded Base Ball. We entered into the game with spirit, at the expense of many a rough tumble and aching shin. Sessional, with its written and oral examinations, was at hand. Faithfully we "crammed" for them. Tute Mudge hinted that a "trans" would be useful and convenient in "polling up" our back Greek. The hint was taken, and translations adorned the book shelves of ———— those who had not invested in the delicacy before. We went into examinations depressed and shaky—came out relieved and happy. Never mind "rowls" or "fizzles;" mistakes or grades; vacation was before us, and soon we would be at home recounting to friends and eager listeners the peculiarities of Princeton and—

"The deeds that are there done."

## SECOND SESSION.

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The 31st of January found us again in our accustomed places, refreshed and invigorated by a pleasant vacation. Warmly we welcomed the new members; at once we put on the breastplate of confidence, and "girding up our loins" entered with hope and vigor upon the duties of the last half of Freshman year. Memorabilia in Greek, Euclid, in Mathematics, Rhetoric, under Sheldon and "Horace," in Latin, formed our principal studies.

Thinking a more substantial proof of our gladness should be shown the "newies" than merely extending to them the right hand of fellowship, the majority of the class, the third evening of the term, started out on a surprise-party-tour, accompanied by the "Krutstown" band. WARD was the first honored with a call—pleasant for him, but death to the carpet. The peculiar metres of Horace's Odes proved to some an almost insurmountable obstacle. Bloomy's patience was more than once exhausted, while the look of sadness that overspread his features when he told ASAY "dat would do," spoke volumes. One evening early in the session, the same party that welcomed WARD, called on MILLIGAN, in East, there found our good Tute. As usual, the music was not of the most delicate and refined nature; so when Bloomy was requested to favor the company with a few remarks, he, gently stroking his chin whis-

kers, informed us that, until that moment, "he was ignorant of the musical talents of the class; and yet," said he, "I might have known it from your music(?) in scanning Horace." The well deserved compliment was highly appreciated.

Now it came to pass on the 9th day of the month called February, in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of John, whose surname was Maclean, that certain of the tribe of Nassovians held a consultation among themselves, saying: "verily, verily, there will be a great discussion in Mercer Hall to-night by a great discussist; and the subject is 'Woman's Rights.' And she who discusses is Lucy, whose surname is Stone. Verily, we must attend." Now, Lucy knew of their coming, and sent one named Blackwell to waylay them and change their purpose. And the Nassovians listened unto his voice, insomuch that they straightway gathered other Nassovians and proceeded to the Hall, where they find many "snobs." (Now, the "snobs" are a motley tribe adjoining the Nassovians, and they have big noses, insomuch that they blow them with their fingers, and their knees are weak, yea, weak exceedingly; nor can they partake of delicacies on account of the stinginess of their natures; and the stronghold of the "snobs" is in the bar-room of O'Brien, whose surname is Michael.) Truly, Lucy did wax wroth as she beheld the Nassovians, and did speak feebly. But the Nassovians did cheer her with their feet, and sing praises unto her until she grew faint and called on Blackwell to mingle his voice in the conflict. Yea, verily, he did so, and cried out in a loud voice: "Perhaps you don't know what brings me here?" Then one of the Nassovians, whose surname is KINKEAD, said, "assuredly we do; it is because thou art henpecked." Now, Blackwell was much offended thereat, and obeying the command of the mighty Lucy, he did leave the Hall for policemen.

Now the policemen are twins, living in the lower part of Princeton, and their food is mostly onions, and their drink

is made from apples, and is known as "Jersey Lightning." And the policemen said unto Blackwell, "verily, we dare not interfere with the Nassovians, for they will grievously pound us."

So Blackwell came back much flushed with anger, and did say: "One policeman is in bed; the other won't come." And now arose among the Nassovians much singing and cheering, and much throwing of peanuts, and one hit Lucy on the nose, and she did scream, "Lord, save me." Now, the Nassovians are all *lords*, and they did rush to save Lucy, and they did overturn many settees, and they did make much noise. And, behold! an old man did arise and shake his fist and cry out, "you are all going to the gallows;" and the Nassovians said, "Nay, nay, old man, we are not going to the gallows; but are going for Lucy." And Lucy, hearing this, wept with joy, and fell into Blackwell's arms, and did say, "We hold forth no more to-night."

Now the snobs were evil-disposed towards the Nassovians, so they next day called together their wise men and laid hold of six Nassovians; the surnames of two were KINKEAD and PATTERSON; yet their wise men being ignorant of law, could bring nothing against them; so at the going down of the sun the end of the affair was not apparent. Then a Nassovian went to Maclean, whose surname is John, and told him the trouble; and John said, "Verily, verily, I will arise and gird up my loins, and will go to their aid, and will make the evil devices of the snobs come to naught; for, formerly, I, too, was a Nassovian." So the Nassovians went away, and on the morrow, John coming in, effected that the Nassovians should go free. Now, the snobs were exceeding wroth at this; nevertheless, because it was the law they could do nothing. So the Blackwells are humbled, and the wicked devices of the snobs are crushed and the power of Lucy is broken; but the Nassovians are exalted and shall remain so always. Selah!

Prayer for colleges was observed on the 28th. Dr.

Adams, of Philadelphia, delivered a masterly and appropriate sermon. Before this prayer meetings were daily held in the Sophomore room, and though the college was not blessed with a great revival, there were some who found that treasure "which rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

During this session the *THJ* (Tooth Pick) Destroyers sprang into existence. PETERS was head Mogul, and his room used as a rendezvous. If report be true, the greased blackboards and the continual uproar in North were mainly due to this *secret society*. March came in wet and stormy; with it our first successful fire. East end of North was the site. Boards, leaves, with a few windows from the barrack-rooms, formed the material. The smoke, filling the halls and pouring up the stairs, nearly suffocated those in the upper entries, and, interrupting Bloomy's pleasant reverie, brought forth "Mein Gott!" from his lips. The back-campus was alive with students, blowing horns and screaming. The flames, with inconceivable rapidity darted along the corridors, while the oppressive heat prevented approach. The seamed stairs and cracked pillars to this day bear witness of this destructive spree. GASTON and KEASBY, we understand, were guiltless, but, spied by John, a race ensued. HOOVER's room was gained, and just as they crawled under the bed in the back, John appeared in the front room. HOOVER said he was alone, but his veracity was doubted. John looked everywhere except under the bed, and left, saying: "Ugh! they're around here somewhere!" After his departure, out came our friends from under the bed, covered with the collected feathers, dust, and dirt of weeks. Their appearance is better imagined than described. DENNIS was not called on to sweep that place for some time.

April brought our Base Ball Nine in the field; it consisted of J. PATTERSON, BUCK, DAVIS, MILLIGAN, NISSLEY, F. SCHELL, SWENK, GASTON, WARD, (and IMBRIE, occasionally and periodically.) On entering College a Nine was organ-

ized, but not till now did it reach any point of excellence and show itself, as future events proved, the pride and joy of the class. They opened the season by beating the Edgehill Nine five runs; then entered the lists for the championship. Many an exciting game followed with varied success. The spasmodic efforts of IMBRIE in right-field elicited great applause from spectators—not the admiration of the Nine. Consulting the base ball records, the Historian finds that, of the 17 balls coming to right-field, he mis-gauged 9 and muffed 8. His career at the bat was equally successful; his score presenting an uninterrupted row of 37 O's, closing with *one* run, made on three balls. Finding base ball not his *forte*, he tendered his resignation, which was cheerfully accepted. The Second Nine also merits a few words. With KIT JOHNSTON for captain, HOOVER, pitcher, and GURLEY to do the yelling as well as the crowing for the Nine, they were ever victorious. Right after recitation, with book in one hand and bat in the other, away they went across the Campus, down Witherspoon St., through the Cemetery, to a small back pasture, for practice games. Matches were often played; HOOVER, on these occasions strengthening his inner-man by frequent visits to a small flask under his coat, sent in his slow "twisters" with telling effect. FREESE, on third, SAVAGE, in centre, and T. PATTERSON, in right, stopped all the balls—*they could*. The only time "T. Pat." made a run was playing the game with '68. He shut his eyes, struck cricket-fashion, and sent a ball over the dummy. April 15th, a "cut" was tried in Sheldon, but failed. The "Krustown Band," with SWENK, for a leader, were not to be balked. Forming outside the recitation-room, in they marched in Indian file, down the room and past the Tutor. At the stove they halted a moment, then filed back of the Tutor's desk, "swung around the circle," stopping in front of the Tutor. "What does this mean, gentlemen?" said Sheldon. JOHNSTON informed him it was training day for the Krustown Band. "Well, you have trained long

enough," he replied, "now take seats." They complied.

April 15th, an event occurred calculated to meet the disapprobation of the students. The Chapel that morning was found besmeared with tar and paint. Back of the President's chair were names of several Professors coupled with strange titles. Dr. Maclean seemed deeply hurt by this sacrilegious proceeding. He gave out the following hymn, which must have touched the hearts of the perpetrators :

"The veil of night is no disgrace,  
No screen from Thy all-seeing eye ;  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.  
O, may these thoughts possess my breast.  
Where'er I roam, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin—for *God is there.*

May 1st, on entering the recitation room, we found the Tute's desk and chair among the missing, the seats in a deplorable condition, and the walls covered with hieroglyphics worthy of a better cause. A jackass stood out in bold relief, bearing on its side the Tutor's name, and many symbols, rather synonymous with "boot-licking," decorated the walls. The night preceding 67's class day, the class unanimously voted that the recitation the following day was a humbug, and as such should be observed. Each one making his store of beans, torpedoes, and snap-crackers, on that ever-memorable morning when Tute Sheldon commenced to call the roll, missiles commenced to fly, torpedoes cracked in all parts of the room, fire-crackers exploded under the seats. GLYN BROWN, jumping on a seat, whistled a martial tune, and requested the gentlemen to choose partners for a quadrille. His command fell on ready ears, and forthwith all commenced to "trip the light fantastic." The occupants of the two front seats, thinking variety the spice of life, joined not in the dance, were not thrilled by the inspiring strains issuing from Glyn's mouth, but squared off

for a box. Sheldon's command to "sit down!" "will report you to the Faculty!" etc., were drowned by the counter ejaculations of "Ladies Grand Chain!" "Swing your partners!" and DAVIS's "Look out, or I'll bust you in the eye!" When arms had enough of boxing, legs of dancing, and body of amusement, a motion to adjourn was heard; this was greeted with huzzas. This strange proceeding was received by the Tute with surprise, who, making himself heard, raised his popularity not a little by telling us to prepare the same recitation for next time and dismissing us. Class-Day morning dawned clear and beautiful, much to the satisfaction of every one in College. At an early hour the members of the Senior Class were stirring, making the needful preparation for the exercises of the day. About ten o'clock a difficulty occurred between the Juniors and the Seniors, in regard to a speech to be delivered in the afternoon, which the former party said was a "scurrilous rake" on their class. For a time it appeared as though there would be a fight, but, by the intervention of some of the Seniors, this was avoided. Just as this cloud seemed to come over the spirit of the students, then as if in sympathy the skies became clouded and threatened rain. However, in a short time both clouds and angry feelings disappeared.

At one o'clock the exercises were commenced in the chapel; aisles, seats, windows, and everything else, were crowded. The exercises were such as brought credit to the class and joy to the many fair visitors. Right after Class-Day half the class occupied Sophomore seats; thus painfully were we reminded that Fresh year was near its end. Even now the old Fresh room with its hard, nicked benches, its broken windows, and the general air of *abandon* it presented, comes vividly to mind. We seem to see Tute Mudge walking leisurely in, calling the roll, crossing his legs, and squirting tobacco-juice on the stove. We seem now to hear the music that followed a "rowl" or the

almost inaudible grunts at some fearful mistake. Commencing with the lower bench, he called us up in regular order, and GLYNN BROWN, continually moving back, until finally to the astonishment of Tute and class when a recitation was unavoidable, made his exit through the window. Neither is Bloomy, with his "pig-tail" knot of hair artistically plastered down on the top of his head, forgotten. With arms behind him he continually paced the floor, dwelling at length on the various changes and expressions conveyed by "de subjunctife." He would ask HUSTED to parse a verb; HUSTED would commence, "It is made in the Future-Perfect," etc., and think he was "tearing his shirt." How his hopes were blasted, when Bloomy said: "Yes, 'tis made in de Present-Indicative!" Often when kind friends were aiding the one "up," Bloomy sarcastically said, "Shentlemen, to hear de prompter in de theatre shpoils de play!" WELLING one day in parsing *soror* (sister), said it was a feminine noun. "But," replied Bloomy, "nouns in *or* and *es*, increasing in de genitive, are *masculine*." "Well," was the answer, "I reckon *this* is masculine." "Oh, no!" said Bloomy, who could not digest the Sixteenth Amendment, "You were right at first; it is an exception to de general rule; your sister, you know, could not well be *masculine*!"

With reason did we all feel sad that jolly Fresh year was nearly past. Pleasant adventures and lasting benefits had marked our course. No cliques, no ill-feeling, nothing but the utmost harmony had prevailed. We feared that future years would draw more or less dividing lines; that our intercourse would in a degree be interrupted; and that the free, easy spirit that had thus far characterized the class would be moulded into a sterner, higher cast. The Historian has no hesitation in saying that whatever may be our lot, whatever our episodes, whatever our benefits in the future, none will possess a dearer charm or bring a more radiant smile to the face than those connected with Fresh year.

"Long, long be our hearts with its memories filled ;  
Like the vase in which flowers have once been distilled.  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

The kind heart and wisdom of our esteemed President, Dr. Maclean, was shown both by his friendly feeling and beneficial advice. The Historian takes the liberty to make the following extract from an article written for the *New York Ledger*, entitled "Advice to Young Men about to enter College."

"Endeavor to form a definite idea of the design of a college course, and also of the benefits you hope to derive from becoming a member of such an institution. Make it your particular care to be fully prepared for the class into which you seek admission. Be on your guard as to the acquaintances you may form, upon your arrival at college. Regard yourself as bound in honor to obey all the laws of the college, whether you are required, or not required, to give a promise to this effect. Enter upon the course of study with the fixed purpose to master to the best of your ability every part of it. Study with all diligence, and form a desire to make the most of your opportunities for improvement. Above all things else, recollect that for your whole success in college, you will be dependent on the blessing of God."

The truth and force of these suggestions can but commend themselves, as well as the author, to the approbation and praise of every lover of science and truth.

During this term we were entrusted to the tender care of Prof. Peabody, in elocution. On chapel stage we spouted and made the time-honored walls re-echo with our Ciceronian eloquence. Peabody was far from an universal favorite, consequently the treatment he received did not border on what his position deserved. His remarks on articulation and gesticulation were alike disregarded; often his criticisms were marred by a motion to adjourn. On some rising as if to leave, he would favor us with a lecture on gentlemanly conduct, the force of which would be beautifully drowned by some musical genius starting—

"'Tis a way we have at Old Nassau."

Learning from Juniors that to sustain our reputation as

*smart* Freshmen, and to keep up an old custom, a Whang Doodle would be necessary ere we laid aside our Freshman robes. SCHELL, THOMAS, PARRY & Co. established themselves as editors, and forthwith commenced collecting material for the same. The work progressed rapidly, and when printed they were stowed away in a North College room. '69's men, thinking they were in SWENK's room, made a raid when TOM was in chapel stage speaking. The door was forced, his trunk broken open, but nary a "Doodle" repaid this valorous attempt of '69.

As the students came out of chapel on June 24th, the cry of "Whang Doodle" fell upon their ears. Sure enough, down by South Campus stood a burly negro with his arms filled with papers. All took up the cry, "there's the Fresh Whang Doodle," and rushed pell mell for the nig. They gathered around him like eagles around their prey. Nig tossed the precious documents right and left, greedily they were caught and their contents scanned to find honorable mention of themselves. The dejected countenances and clenched hands plainly showed that the paper "which mourneth for ye Sophomores" contained a few *facts*.

The Washington crowd, composed of GURLEY, JOHNSTON, HOOVER, G. and T. BROWN, envious of *T. H. A.* notoriety, formed *Σ. K. X.* The members met once a week in "Kit's" room, feasted on peanuts and coffee—bored Rigg by their infernal music, and closed the evening's exercises by serenading Josh with their favorite song—

"The pipe, the bowl, and the jolly good fry,  
For I am bound to be a bummer in Sigma Kappa Chi."

A peculiar adventure that befel one of its members must not be overlooked. FOX and SWENK gave a "spread" at their room on Witherspoon Street; to it invited TOM BROWN, who came late. As luck would have it, that afternoon a nail had torn Tom's pants in that part familiarly known as the *seat*. NISSLEY late in the night lunged at it with a cane. A wide gap was the result. The party did not

break up until early in the morning and Tom going to his room had barely time to brush his hair when chapel bell commenced ringing. Buttoning his short coat closely around him, he put his Euclid under his arm, and started up Nassau Street with the intention of making a "tear" under Ledyard, entirely oblivious of the fact that he had a *tear* behind, and that—

"His streamers were waving in the wind."

A seasonable admonition prevented a *linen* display in chapel.

On the 14th of June, FREESE came to town with that "nobby" leopard coat to bid adieu to friends and classmates before leaving for Paris. He handed a note to the Faculty commencing, "With this I bid you farewell," and closing with "the hope that the College might continue to prosper during his absence." It did.

The customary three times three with the roeket "st—boom—ah!" closed our last recitation under each Tutor. In mathematics, when the last to recite took his seat, down down with a *vim* came forty-eight Euclids on the floor, not however from any ill-feeling towards Ledyard, for he by his uniform courtesy and kindness had long before won the respect and hearty good will of the class.

Fresh Final, commencing Monday, June 17, kept us busy for a week. GURLEY made Sheldon's written examination remarkably easy by drawing from the Tutor correct answers for all the questions. The papers handed in bore a wonderful similarity, and all came near taking "first."

On Tuesday, Edward D. Mansfield, LL.D. delivered the Annual Oration on the "State and Tendency of Society," before the Halls. Junior Orator speaking brought out the "Nassau Exposition," with pages abounding in wholesome advice to '68 and '70. Commencement followed, and on Wednesday afternoon, with light hearts and joyful remembrances, we bade adieu to Princeton for a time, to Freshman Year—forever.

# SOPHOMORE YEAR.

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## CLASS OFFICERS.

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President.

WILLIAM B. GLEN.

Secretary,

FRANK A. WARD.

Treasurer,

JOHN F. JOLINE.

Historian,

FRANK H. PIERCE.

## FIRST SESSION.

### ENTERED.

GEORGE ARCHER.....	Harford Co., Md.
JOHN L. CALDWELL.....	Statesville, N. C.
JOHN L. COOPER.....	Nashville, Tenn.
ISAAC H. CONDIT.....	Stillwater.
SAMUEL D. CULBERTSON.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
DAVID M. DAVENPORT.....	Mendham.
MOSES J. DeWITT.....	Deckertown.
DAVID ELMER.....	Brighton.
ELMER E. GREEN.....	Trenton.
JOSEPH C. GUERNSEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM S. GUMMERE.....	Trenton.
SAMUEL R. GUMMERE.....	Trenton.
LEVI T. HANNUM.....	Trenton.
HENRY S. HARRIS.....	Belvidere.
ALEXANDER HENRY, Jr. ....	Germantown, Pa.
SAMUEL IRVIN.....	New York City.

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ADRIAN H. JOLINE.....	Sing Sing, N. Y.
JOHN F. JOLINE.....	Trenton.
A. BAILEY KELLY.....	Washington, D. C.
JOSEPH F. KELLY.....	Washington, D. C.
JOHN J. KLINE, JR.....	Belvidere.
NATHANIEL MARSH.....	Stapleton, N. Y.
JOHN T. MASON.....	Annapolis, Md.
HENRY W. McCALL.....	Trenton.
THOMAS B. McLEOD.....	Ireland.
WILLIAM H. MILLER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES H. MOORE.....	Stillwater.
HUGHES OLIPHANT.....	Princeton.
CHARLES J. PARKER.....	Freehold.
ELIAS M. PENNINGTON.....	Baskingridge.
JOHN B. RENDALL.....	Oxford, Pa.
CHARLES J. ROE.....	Newton.
EDWARD D. SCUDDER.....	Trenton.
JEROME E. SHARP.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE M. SHIPMAN.....	Belvidere.
EMELIUS W. SMITH.....	Clearfield, Pa.
MARK R. SOOY.....	Mount Holly
STEVENSON A. WILLIAMS...	Harford Co., Md.
GEORGE C. YEISLEY.....	Baltimore.

## LEFT.

ISAAC H. CONDIT.....	Stillwater.
FRANK R. SCHELL.....	Bedford, Pa.

## SECOND SESSION.

### Class Officers.

President,

JOHN E. PATTERSON.

Secretary,

THOMAS B. McLEOD.

Treasurer,

CHARLES B. ALEXANDER.

Historian,

FRANK H. PIERCE.

### ENTERED.

ROBERT M. AGNEW..... Beaver, Pa.  
WILLIAM J. HENDERSON..... Schelocta, P.  
DAVID R. SESSIONS..... Georgetown, S. C.  
HENRY R. WHITEHILL..... Austin, Nevada.

### LEFT.

FRANKLIN S. DODD..... Bloomfield.  
GEORGE M. KEASBEY..... Newark.  
NATHANIEL MARSH..... Stapleton, N. Y.  
THEODORE C. PATTERSON..... Philadelphia, Pa.  
FREDERICK S. RAWLINS..... Princeton.

## FIRST SESSION.

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Sophomore year opened propitiously. Our expectations were more than realized in finding thirty-nine members enrolled in the ranks of '70, increasing our number to eighty-one. The familiar faces of our old Tutes were wanting. Mudge was preaching at Yonkers, N. Y.; Bloombergh had accepted a professorship in Lafayette College; Ledyard was preaching at Kingston, N. Y., while Sheldon was drilling Hebrew and Sanscrit roots into theological heads in New York city. A few of our old companions were not here to gladden us with their presence; and GLYN BROWN no longer edified his former classmates with that song so well sung and peculiarly adapted to himself, of

“Let *that* stand there, my boys!”

The quantities of Greek and Latin texts to be swallowed, the hundreds of pages of history, relating to Agrarian Laws and Grecian valor, to be committed, and the mazy labyrinths of “Duff’s Mathematics” to be explored, brought vividly to mind the fact the leniency of Tutes and the “skinning” of Fresh year were things of the past, and that the time for using the midnight oil had come.

With the experience of Fresh year for a foundation and the bright vision of Junior ease to encourage, the class entered upon the duties of this memorable and jolly year. One of the first duties incumbent upon us was to act in a

fatherly manner towards the Freshmen. Tender recollections of *our* treatment brought forcibly to mind the old adages of "treat thy neighbor as thyself," and "Charity begins at home." With these laudable precepts in mind, one night a large party started from the east end of North College to visit "Rocky" Holbrook, whose room presented an unexpected though not unpleasant appearance. Several dark-colored bottles, labelled "Old Rye" and "Ginger Schnapps," covered one side of his table, a few bunches of "Figaros" the other; between which and his *choice* library an hour passed agreeably. We have been told that his pitcher served a double purpose, while one avaricious individual, not content with drinking all he could conveniently carry, left the room with a number of bottles under his arm. Another gentleman in North College also received a call; he, unlike "Rocky," did not appreciate the missionary visit. He did not enjoy the fumes of Lone Jack; couldn't see the point in having the windows shut, and did not relish the idea of having so much leather on his white counterpane. He even refused to enliven the company with a song or greet them with a word of welcome. This dampening reception caused the missionaries to leave in a hurry their uncongenial friend. In the confusion of leaving, by *accident* the lamp went out, and the room was plunged in total darkness. "What am I tumbling over?" said one of the party, rolling over a chair and coming in contact with the washstand. "Whither am I going?" said another, trying to open the doors of the wardrobe, and bringing that piece of furniture down with no gentle bang. "Am I kissing chummie?" breathed another, as he affectionately folded his arms around "uncongenial's" neck. "Why the deuce don't you strike a light!" shouted No. 6, as a peculiar sound showed that another accident had happened. In a word, the leaving was effected in a truly wonderful and skillful manner. Nearly every one was tumbling over everybody else, yet strange to relate, nobody

was hurt and nothing was injured. A few quiet ones made the scene more lively by singing :

“ In Sophomore year we have our task ! ”

At last the party having found the door made their way down stairs, upsetting a few coal-boxes in their descent and giving Tute Pennington three characteristic cheers. None, however, were treated in a barbarous manner ; and if one or two *did* send their excuses by mail to the Faculty, poll *verbatim* the College laws, and retire at nine o'clock, recollections of the same will undoubtedly prove as pleasant to them as to those who inveigled them into the idea that such was the irrevocable law.

On the 22d of August we met “ Joshua,” who had that proverbial sweetness in his look. His gruff manner, coupled with long lessons, plainly told us that *he* meant business. With forty lines of the “ Ars Poetica ” well polled up, on the 24th we made the acquaintance of Professor Aiken. We found him pleasant and dignified ; also learned that a dictionary, as well as a “ trans,” was necessary to answer his searching and comprehensive questions. Dr. Alexander expounded to us the fourth chapter of Matthew the following Sunday ; he remarked during the recitation that it sounded better to hear *one* recite at a time, and hoped we would not be like those who, continually praying for a “ Sabbath day’s journey nearer heaven, were a long time in reaching that haven of rest.” The same evening we met in President Maclean’s house for a class prayer-meeting ; forty-four were present. Seated in his spacious parlor, all listened with attention and respect to the holy words which flowed from the good Doctor’s heart. The man whom most of all we feared—Professor Cameron—met us the following Monday. Throughout the year Greek roots and synonyms, seasoned with copious doses of history, added to those verbs in  $\mu$ —(speaking of which one day, WILLIS said, “ I never can make those verbs in  $\mu$  *my* verbs ! ”)—were served up the

first two days of every week until Junior year. This week a little unpleasantness arose with the Fresh on the matter of carrying canes. Several were forcibly removed and class feeling ran high. When we met John the following Thursday in Way of Life, he, referring to the late disturbance with '71, and wishing to inspire a little fear in our over-heated brains, narrated a thrilling episode of a certain Freshman, who once upon a time, years before, had knocked down a Sophomore attacking him, and Leonidas-like, had repulsed his would-be hazers. When the matter came to the ears of the Faculty, he (John) capped the climax by sending Mr. Sophomore home. The class was visibly affected by this anecdote. Yet far more so when he said: "I hope the Fresh will break their canes over your heads if you again molest them." The change from Fresh to Soph recitation rooms was the adage, "out of the frying-pan into the fire" over again. On the evening of September 8th, a four-footed beast was driven into the Soph room; the windows and doors were then firmly fastened and morning anxiously awaited when we were to have our twenty pages in Greek history. Coming from chapel that morning "Dennis" was seen by the bulletin tree. He informed the class that Prof. Cameron would meet us in the Junior room. We could not forbear one look however at our usual quarters; that one look was sufficient. Seniors called this a *cowardly* joke; the perpetrators, whose veracity cannot be doubted, beg leave to differ, saying it was a *bully* one. On handing our first essays to Josh, a disturbance arose; our Argus-eyed Professor, thinking he saw the ring-leader, jumped from his seat, caught OLIPHANT by the shoulder, and with a shake grunted, "What's your name? Come to my study after recitation!" OLIPHANT obeyed, and there conclusively proved by the 47th of the 1st that he was guiltless. It is rather a remarkable fact that Joshua never hit on the right individual. He would give KELLY, or some other one who had the peace of the recitation at

heart, five marks for disorder, when it was evident to all that demure-faced KLINE was the originator. Once he seated the First Division, with two exceptions, on the front seats, saying, "Now stamp if you dare!" ELMER and GLEN remained on the back bench. "Give the old rooster a chicken-whistle!" said ELMER, GLEN yielded to the willing tones of his tempter. Josh, bringing his book down with vehemence on the desk, shouted, "Mr. ELMER, did not expect such conduct from you, sir! Come forward!" ELMER reluctantly took an anxious seat, much to the merri-ment of the division.

Our Base Ball Nine, strengthened by SHARP and OLIPHANT, commenced their work this season by beating '71 on the 25th, by a score of 32 to 13, and nearly doubled them the succeeding games. '69 proved too strong for them on the Princeton grounds, with a score of 57 to 19. Though "triumphantly" defeated, '70 for once magnanimously cheered the victors. Our nine had several striking peculiarities, viz: changing its members and ever quarreling. To "muff" a ball or fail in making "home runs," were sufficient causes for promotion to the second nine, while their pugnacious spirit was daily shown. For instance, all would shake hands before a game not to say a word about misplays. BUCK took pitcher's position, GASTON would be short-stop, and GLEN would square himself on first base. In a minute you could hear BUCK sing out, "Where do you want your balls?" Striker answers, "Knee high, over the base." Next ball delivered was sure to hit the man at the bat near the shoulder. BUCK at this grins, and wants a "strike" called. Umpire usually tells him to "dry up." BUCK then subsides after growling about the poor umpire and partiality. If GASTON threw a ball over a baseman's head a volley of invectives were hurled at both, the one for careless throwing, the other for not catching it. GASSY's hot blood ill-brooking such treatment, returns tit-for-tat. BUCK then would want to fight. JACK PATTERSON shouts,

"That's my stronghold, count me in." Ere the inning was finished fielders, basemen, and catchers were huddling around second base. The terms, "muffer," "idiot," once we heard "jackass," were indiscriminately used, and such a pow-wow! F. WARD often acted the part of peace-maker, and order would be restored until the next game. An outsider once aptly remarked that a grand base ball match insured a grand row if any of '70's men played. Often games were played after 2 o'clock. Johnny, ever on the alert, would hear the cheering; gliding from his back door, he summons and stations the Tutes, and appears himself back of the ball-alley. Some on spying him would give the alarm. The players seizing a bat and coat, followed by the spectators, would come tearing and shouting around Clio Hall, to East and West, and crowding into the barrack rooms with shouts of "catch them, Johnny," disappear like so many prairie dogs in their quarters.

This session was rendered remarkable by the famous "Snob Fight." A fight, such as tradition has handed down—such as we read of in Oxford annals—was again enacted in the usually quiet borough of Princeton. The Home Guards of Princeton, as is well known, entertained a like company from Newark on the 26th of October. When marching to the depot many students fell in line and kept step to the music of their own voices. Some ill-feeling was thus created. Later in the evening the report ran around with lightning-like rapidity that the Snobs had attacked several students. North, East, and West instantly poured out a living stream to the scene of conflict. The air resounded with shouts of "Nassau!" The fight waxed warm. From fists it degenerated to clubs, bricks, and paving-stones. The tumult brought Dr. Maclean and professors *en masse* to the ground. Old Johnny seemed like Washington, in Braddock's disastrous defeat, to bear a charmed life. Not once was he hit, though always in the thickest of the fray. GLEN "extinguished" himself in defending the brave old

man from the threatening fists of uncouth snobs. John ungratefully repaid the favor by ordering that distinguished North Collegian to his room. PETERS, in crossing the street, was attacked by an ugly snob. "Stand or I fire!" shouted PETERS. On Paddy came, and crack went a pistol; all looked expecting to see a defunct Fenian, but no! PETERS, as usual, had aimed too high, and whiz went the deadly missile through a window in Baker's drug store, narrowly missing a woman and burying itself in the ceiling. Rocks and bricks filled the air. A paving stone hit Dennis Sullivan, a college sweep, on the head, knocking him senseless. He died two weeks after. W. GUMMERE, "Big Mike," Stewart, and other students were wounded and carried to the rear. The Faculty finally prevailed and the melee ended for a time. Next night both Halls adjourned early, and in a compact body marched over to the Post Office. Every man was armed and ready for the fray. Scott, of '68, we particularly remember carrying a base ball bat thickly studded with spikes, bearing the suggestive name of "head-breaker." No disturbance ensued as no snobs were to be seen. Saturday night the "townies," reinforced by two hundred Irishmen from the canal, were in battle array. A bloody fight would have followed had the factions met but the Faculty, aided by numerous policemen from Trenton, prevented a collision. Policemen formed a double line leading from the college gate to the office. Through this each student went to the office. The college gates were guarded and ingress was impossible. Three groans for the snobs, with three times three rousing cheers, closing with the rocket, st-boom-ah-h, for Nassau, was all that could be done. Thus ended the celebrated "Snob Fight," and with it the jolly good times we used to have waiting for the 9 P. M. mail. No longer do students gather around the office—have their songs and rushes, and tell Van Duyn to "lively up with the mail." All these have given place to Dutch Steve, with his characteristic, "heigh, ho—heigh, ho—heigh, ho heigh!"

The elections in Pennsylvania gave rise to a huge bonfire around the cannon. An old three-legged wheel-barrow served for a platform on which many an aspirant for future political honors delivered his maiden speech before an enthusiastic audience.

Tute Sloss was our instructor in Greek Testament. Coming in one morning, no sooner had he taken his seat, than the chair with its half sawed legs commenced to totter. With remarkable agility he struck a standing posture, and informed "them chaps that had sawed his chair that, to use a college expression, 'they had slipped up.'" This announcement was far from pleasant. One week from that date however the fumes of assafœtida were too strong for our corpulent Tute, so he, as well as the class, had an opportunity of enjoying an early breakfast. One week later Tute Pennington met us in the same interesting branch. The room unfortunately was wretchedly cold. Action was absolutely necessary for comfort. The pat of eighty-seven pairs of feet produced a noise not unlike the "Anvil Chorus." Endeavoring to call the roll the music completely drowned his voice, consequently he like a sensible man said, "I guess you are all here," and dismissed us; hence, &c., another early breakfast, the mere thought of which caused one of our number to gambol like a *kitten*.

About this time KEASBEY, WILLIS, PROVOST and A. JOLINE met in PROVOST's room to arrange a direful deed, viz: To resurrect the little cannon in the back Campus, and having crammed a charge of powder in it, set it off with a slow match in the upper entry of North College. At the hour of two they dug a deep pit around the cannon, but though they had stolen ropes and levers from the Observatory, and though they called out a "*posse comitatus*," consisting of DAVVEY, MOSE DEWITT, and PRICE, to aid them, the ordinance proved too heavy to lift. While toiling and struggling thus a mysterious figure was literally gliding along

the path across the Campus. The toilers concealed themselves. The figure circumnavigated West College, came around the rear of Clio Hall, and approached them from behind. By this time they were pretty well satisfied that the midnight ghost was no less than John on one of his periodical prowls. He prowled to some purpose that night, having caught GEORGE KEASBEY out of his room, scaring poor GASTON by threats of punishment for the only thing he (GASTON) hadn't done, and arousing Gig Howell's indignation by interrupting his "polling." KEASBEY was suspended for one week and afterward the cannon was left to *requiescat in pace*. Not so with the powder, that was buried in a coal-box in North College and discharged by a fuse. The concussion demolished ventilators, brought a frightened shirt-tail brigade to an upright position and startled the people far and near.

In the class elections GLEN was elected President, F. WARD, Secretary, A. JOLINE, Treasurer. HOOPER in vacating the chair he had filled with such credit, entertained the class a few minutes with a pithy speech and received we believe a vote of thanks.

Class caps and canes were now the exciting topics, the latter finding a warm supporter in TOM SWENK. Several meetings were convened and committees appointed. The size, shape, and color of the adopted cap defies description. The cane was an elaborate affair, consisting of an ebony stick surmounted with an ivory handle, gracefully adorned with a grape vine as a sign of conviviality. Around the handle was a silver clasp, bearing name of the owner and the words "'70 class cane." We made a grand *debut* on the Saturday of the 1st. Chapel stage speaking created a sensation, especially among the ladies, who gazed with beaming features upon jaunty caps, the "blooded" cane, and ye gallant Sophs.

Near the end of October our nine came to grief at the hands of the Faculty. The temptation to play '69 after 2

o'clock was too strong to be resisted by either nine. As a natural consequence both were summoned before John, who after lecturing them for over an hour closed by saying that base ball was *base* in more than one respect, and suspended all for one week. They recited privately to the Professors during their probation, at the expiration of which on promise of never again infringing on the College laws, they were reinstated in all the rights and privileges of students.

To blind Faculty and students, also to better pave the way for the grand Rake at close of the year, THOMAS, PARRY, SCHELL, GLENN and others met in 41 North College, to consider the expediency of issuing a small sheet or pamphlet. This plan met with general favor and almost immediately their literary labors commenced. The Fresh in some way got an inkling of the project and the following poster started us in the face as we attended prayers on the morning of November 10th:

P R O S P E C T U S  
OF THE  
S O P H . " M I R R O R ! "  
ORIGINALITY IS OUR BOAST !

We are bored at not receiving the expected applause when  
we made our debut in Class Caps!!!  
WE MAKE ANOTHER DESPERATE ATTEMPT IN PUBLISHING  
T H E M I R R O R

The undersigned beg the patronage of the whole College for their first efforts in originality. We propose soon to publish a paper entitled *The Mirror of '70*, so called by us, that in it will be reflected our own natural vileness and baseness, which may served to point out a course of life ever to be shunned by all succeeding Classes.

It has been heretofore the custom of the Sophomore Class to publish a sheet of a similar nature, under the name of *Paul Pry*, but thinking such a brilliant class ought to give it a more brilliant name, we have called it *The Mirror*.

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LOOK AT OUR LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:


IMBRIE, BUCK, \_\_\_\_\_ (King of the Sophs.)  
 PIERCE, SWENK, NAGLE, DAVIS, NISSLEY, BABY  
 RAWLINS, CULBERTSON and GUMMERE.

FROM THE SENIOR CLASS:

WITHINGTON, CONVERSE, DAVEY, HOWELL and TURNER.

Freshmen are withering under the expected stroke.

*PERSEVERANTIA OMNIA VINCIT.*

 Copies can be subscribed for at DR. BAKER'S Drug Store, whom you all know is the Student's great friend.

PATRICK HENRY, } EDITORS.  
 A. SCHELL, }

This exceedingly clever trick did not frustrate the original plan. On the night of the 16th of November, GLEN, THOMAS and SCHELL distributed the "Mirrors" in the different college buildings. They were neatly bound pamphlets dedicated to '69 and '71, with the motto—

"Oh would some power the giftie gie us,  
 To see ourselves as others see us."

Though small in size the *quality* made ample amends for the quantity.

The Fall elections in New York and New Jersey were duly celebrated by a big bonfire around the cannon, by appropriate speeches, and by enthusiastic cheers. Some would-be politicians kept their spirits up by pouring spirits down, and when called on were too full of "Oh, be joyful," for very spirited effusions.

The following three weeks teemed with stirring events. To faithfully record all the disturbances in the class-room,

the individual "sprees" and adventures, and the many rides on that straight and broad road that leads to expulsion, would be an endless task. A few of the most worthy will be briefly mentioned.

One evening the "Son of a Gambolier" appeared. We believe it emanated from the Sepoy Club. At any rate, a crowd having done justice to Mrs. Davis' oysters, assisted by "Parepa Rosa," came up Nassau Street singing that song now so familiar to all. Smith was first serenaded—then a small "stash" was given Johnny. Dr. Atwater next received a visit. Mose with his colored band "joined in the chorus," and merrily did the welkin ring with the inspiring strains of this melodious song. The renowned metaphysician did not appreciate it. Next day Eby was summoned before his royal highness and accused of singing a "bacchanalian ditty." Eby told him that a rich vein of morality characterized the new production. "How can that be," replied the Professor, "when such expressions as 'drinking your lager beer' and 'taking your whiskey clear' close each stanza?"

PETERS a day or two after invested to the extent of \$1.75 in a pack of cards. A. HENRY, SWENK and NISSLEY were invited in to initiate them. Just as PETERS was handling the pasteboards with the ease and dexterity of an old faro dealer, the door was unceremoniously opened and meandering Johnny turned up trump. "Ugh, ugh, gambling, Mr. PETERS! Did not expect this of you. Give me the cards or I will send you home!" PETERS was loth to obey. A certain sadness always hovers around the parting of *old* friends. There was no alternative, however, so PETERS "dealt" Johnny a "full hand," who immediately "shuffled" them and himself out of the room, and both

"Were lost to sight, to memory dear."

Closely following this seizure came the troubles with the bell. This for a long time had been considered a nuisance. At seven o'clock every morning refreshing slumbers and

pleasant dreams were rudely disturbed by its infernal clanging. One would scarcely have time to incase his feet in cavalry boots, don a long overcoat, and reach prayers in season for roll-call. GASTON, KEASBEY, SCHELL, THOMAS, PROVOST, and several other devotees of pleasure concocted the plan of giving it, as well as themselves, a rest. PROVOST's eloquence bordered on the sublime when he said to his companions :

"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden act of mutiny ; mutiny it is not, it is justice to yourselves as Sophs, justice to the whole college, justice to a hard-working community, that there should be one morning on which that long-tongued, hollow-headed, noisy devil of a bell should hold its peace. So now let us be up and doing."

That night with powder they tried to break the door leading to the roof. This failed. Next night, stuffing the locks with Plaster of Paris, they started for the rope in the cellar. A. JOLINE and SCHELL performed sentinel's duty outside ; SAVAGE with a pick-axe demolished the door ; THOMAS held a candle ; while KEASBEY, mounted on GLEN's shoulders, sawed away at the rope. Their duty accomplished, they adjourned to 41 North, when, thinking the rope was not cut sufficiently short, they again visited the cellar. The strain on the rope this time caused the bell to ring. PROVOST gave the alarm ; GLEN rushed for the main door, reached it just as Tute Pennington dropped from the library window, and with a yell "Look out for the Tute!" like an antelope he started for Whig Hall. Tute Sloss, rising from the ground, tried to check his onward course. "In for a penny, in for a pound," thought GLEN, as, using his head for a battering ram, he struck Sloss full in the stomach, sending him to mother earth. KEASBEY and THOMAS cut in another direction ; ere they could gain the campus *recruited* Sloss and Johnnie met them. Back they dove into the cellar where, after floundering over the coal beds and tumbling over woodpiles, they reached an open window and crawled forth, as events proved not a moment

too soon. Puffing around the library came Tute and Johnnie. KEASBEY, followed by Pennington, made for East College, leaped the hedge by Aiken's, vaulted Mrs. Potter's gate and saved himself. THOMAS was equally fortunate; his long legs came admirably into play, and poor John for once was distanced. Throughout the year attempts were repeatedly made to destroy the bell-rope, but none succeeded until Junior year.

General HOOPER's club, started in Fresh year, composed of the German Orphans, was probably the jolliest, happiest club that ever existed in Nassau Hall. In gastronomic feats, in wit and in sociality, it could not be surpassed. Time and space will prevent the Historian from mentioning but few of the many scenes there daily enacted. To be eligible for membership one must be able to give and take a joke, stand *high* in class, and pay proper observance to all college rules and regulations. HOOPER represented the wit: his numerous sallies were received amid prolonged and vociferous applause; right after which Guernsey "strikes a mine" and goes twenty-five cents for ale—e. g., that famous Thanksgiving dinner when all were exhilarant. A noted "brave" and GENERAL were especially so. After sundry courses of chickens, turkeys, etc., rendered palatable by Fenning's ale, they called on the Episcopalian minister. GENERAL as usual has an eye for "the True, the Beautiful, and the Good," particularly the Beautiful; for calling the attention of one of the ladies to the leafless trees, he remarks: "Madam, what a *graphic appearance* those trees present!" The "brave" retires at 2 P. M., sleeps until 11 o'clock next day, then wants to know if chapel-bell is ringing; if not, he sleepeth. BULLIPHANT plays "nigger-euchre" with Bill Simpson's boy, thirty games for a cent; licks the boy for winning. DAVIS, NISSLEY, and SCHELL go to Philadelphia; are "blooded," so stop at the Girard House. Amusing scene at the breakfast table next morning. NISSLEY can't make out the names of "them French things." SCHELL

orders bread-and-milk, he is troubled with dyspepsia. DAVIS says "he 'll take ice cream and oysters:" waiter replies, "Don't have that for *breakfast*." "What did SCHELL order," says NED; waiter informs him "he ordered what was on the bill of fare." "Well," mutters NED, "give me the bill of fare for *my* breakfast." NAGLE one day says "More meat for DAVIS." DAVIS, "mad," proposes to meet BEN back of North College at 9 A. M.; accepted; bets about even on the Dutchman; slight decline in favor of J. O. BEN. 9 A. M., immense concourse of German Orphans to witness the festivities; both champions *non est*. Standing "goak" for two months. SHARP and GUERNSEY indulge in a small skirmish. SHARP: "Hello, Gi-Gi-Gig, where's my Ta-Ta-Tacitus?" GIG (bored) "D-d—n your Ta-Tacitus." NISSELEY gets a plug; buys old style; saves \$2.50; much elated thereat; employs Jim Johnson to curtail his "Methodist garment" and appeareth "resplendently magnolious" in a Chesterfield; lays siege to Miss Stryker. He "goaketh;" yea verily, as follows: "I'm a *high-striker* now!" NAGLE demands an explanation; GUERNSEY strikes "another mine" and peace is restored to the agitated assembly. For food, potatoes and tomatoes were served up one day, tomatoes and potatoes the next, for a change. *Dessert* remained firm throughout, the market being mainly supplied with rice-pudding.

A chess-club was formed this term. Match games were played with the "Semmies," who won the first by cheating; the second was a draw, after playing eighteen hours; the third was indefinitely postponed. A. HENRY is at present the champion "playist" of '70.

Professor Duffield's severe illness prevented an examination in his branch at the close of this session; with this exception the usual "sessionals" were passed; the hearty "good bye!" and "pleasant vacation to you!" followed, and we parted to meet again on the 2d of January in the college chapel, under the consecrated walls of our beloved college.

## SECOND SESSION.

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The commencement of this session was attended with a remarkable incident; KEASBEY for once was *present* at the first roll-call. This event ever remained unexplained. This gentleman's lateness was proverbial; he was late at prayers, late at breakfast, late in handing in essays, late for recitation, in short, late everywhere. Aiken always waited two minutes after the bell stopped ringing for "Signor" to take his seat. Finally he became so notorious in this particular that John summoning him before the Faculty, informed him if he did not correct this idiosyncrasy he would soon be the *late* Mr. KEASBEY. The faces of the new members soon became familiar, and immediately we commenced the usual studies and duties attending the latter half of Sophomore year; marked not so much by the ordinary run of events as by the rumors and fact that Dr. Maclean had resigned the presidency of Nassau Hall. Professor Cameron at our first meeting complimented us on the interest shown and proficiency acquired in his branch. He cancelled all previous disorder marks and assigned fifteen lines for our first lesson in Homer. Soon we saw πόλλακις ἀχόουσαι and came to βοῶπις πόϊνια Ἥρη.

When we reached ἀπρίατην κόουρην, PRICE by chance was called upon. Cam succeeded in exciting the risibilities of the class by cracking a joke on that individual. "Αλλα-But" provoked no little merriment by his *original* scanning. The

applause that greeted his efforts elicited from Cam that proverbial joke, "Gentlemen, let us have none but metrical feet." He startled the class one morning by shouting in his deep, sonorous voice, "Where is σοι and why?" Soox immediately became the object of attention and was for the moment embarrassed. SPENCER declares that Soox then had the "mean grin." The frequent meeting with the σοι's καις and αλλὰς rendered the joke stale. In Latin, SHIPMAN's "Daviusne loquatur speaks" not a little puzzled the class. TOM PROVOST was called up on a line of the "Ars Poetica." Tommy's "trans" that morning had been unintentionally left behind; so he, putting on a wise look, stared at the text but uttered not a word. "Proceed," says Aiken; this Tom couldn't do. When Aiken translated the passage for him, which happened to run thus: "Have you not a tongue?" Tom, thinking it was a personal reflection on his reticence, at once sat down with a look of unutterable disgust on his usually good-natured phiz. SHARP's classical knowledge was well illustrated in our second recitation. Aiken requested him to parse "egregie;" SHARP told him that it was an "adjective governing the nominative case." Whereupon the Professor with a smile remarked that "while it was not exactly that, it was nevertheless an *egregious fizzle!*"

The Rector's Aid Society was organized this term by the college Episcopalians. HOOPER, SAVAGE, VANDERPOOL, VAN VORST, S. WILLIAMS, and A. JOLINE represented '70. It is gratifying to learn that from this period it steadily increased in influence and power and has been productive of much good both to the members and the community at large. The denizens of the "Basin" are particularly benefited. On "Lord's Day" one or more kindly volunteer their services to instruct the children of that precinct. Their labors are blessed with success as is well shown by the tidiness presented and the interest manifested by the different classes.

On the 20th of January Buckley's Minstrels gave an entertainment in Mercer Hall. Since the Lucy Stone affair this place had been shunned. The inviting programme with a few well-circulated hints that there was fun ahead filled the hall to overflowing. When the minstrels indulged in a few witticisms on members of '69 the stoical gravity and quiet demeanor of the audience gave way to rounds of applause. It is needless to say, that these allusions contributed much towards the evening's entertainment. For further particulars see A. JOLINE.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no one no good;" so when a heavy snow-storm spoiled the skating, snow-balling took its place. Seniors and Juniors daily ran the gauntlet up the Museum steps with a crowd of shouting Sophs and Fresh pelting them from behind. The Junior recitation-room proved not ball-proof; a well delivered snow-ball by BUCK passing through the window, caromed on two heads, spent its force on the black-board, much to the indignation of Dad, who said that "*some* would always be Fresh!" CULBERTSON by mistake one day hit Tute Sloss in the ear; that individual's wrath was fully aroused, his anger got the better of his sense, and clinching his fist he wanted to know "Who threw that ere ball, for he could lick him." Dr. Maclean now filled the mathematical chair made vacant by the severe illness of Professor Duffield. With all due respect to the Doctor, the Historian must say that mathematics are not his *forte*. The brilliant recitations which followed were numerous. One day he called on OLIPHANT who stumped; SWENK, DAVIS, and several others followed his example. John, becoming wrathful, said: "I will now call on one who *never* fails; Mr. SUPLEE, please recite." But no! Tommy this morning was "not prepared," so stumped. Johnny at this was evidently nonplussed, and right after SCUDDER's *chanting* a few words, the class was dismissed. "Dick" as usual bore away the palm in this branch. Called upon one day when totally unprepared,

he startled the class and the Doctor with the newly discovered "P double prime." Ugh, ugh! what's that?" said the Doctor. Dick then tried to prove that if *one* mark over P made it "P prime," two made it "P *double* prime." The more he argued the more matters became mixed; until John said, "Ugh, ugh! you don't know what you're talking about!" and sent him to his seat with a grade of 20. The same individual was equally unfortunate one time in "Way of Life." Seated behind a post in the Sophomore room he was assiduously "polling" ahead when Dr. Maclean called on him to recite. Thinking the post large enough to conceal the book, PIERCE opened it and rather astonished the good old man by his masterly knowledge of the subject. Doctor was evidently pleased and was about to give him "100" when a loud titter roused his suspicions. Quickly divining the cause of PIERCE's unwonted fluency he muttered "Ugh, ugh! what are you about?" A nervous hand gave too ready an answer, for tumbling down came the book, down came the class, down went Dick, down went a zero; but saddest of all, down went his grade from 4th to 40th!

February 18th the Soph room windows were discovered to be sashless; the Fresh, in retaliation for a like mishap, had destroyed them. Cam kept us freezing for twenty minutes. To the hints that he was inclined to be barbarous he said we should ever remember the old adage, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Poor medicine for benumbed feet and frosty ears!

The regular sessional meeting for choosing class officers was held on the 19th. JACK PATTERSON was chosen Prex., McLEOD, Secretary, A. HENRY, Treasurer. March came in with a tremendous snow-storm. Huge drifts were piled up in every direction. John kindly excused all classes from the morning recitations. Next day Nassau street presented a picturesque scene; there could be seen every kind of conveyance from the Boston "turn-out," with

blooded horses, to the Jersey unnameable drawn by mules. The sleighing was appreciated by none more than by the students. The numerous rides to Trenton, the hot punch and late suppers at Katzenbach's, and the drive back in the "wee small hours" of morning, are undoubtedly remembered by many.

On March 5th death removed from our midst a students' friend, an affable gentleman and a Christian man, W. W. Smith, the popular bookseller. The day before Quarterly Examinations, Aiken informed us "if the black-boards were greased he intended to read us the Latin and grade on the spelling." They were not greased. It was during this month that the mania for debating societies arose; no less than eight were organized in '70. DE WITT'S, PARRY'S, A. HENRY'S, PETERS' and KELLY'S rooms were filled every Thursday evening, and there did rise

"The earnest tones of eloquent debaters,  
Ejecting literary stones from literary craters!"

The trial of "BOBBY WILLIAMS" on the 14th for murder created considerable excitement. SOOY was District Attorney; HENRY, Assistant; A. KELLY and PRICE, defendant's counsel; A. JOLINE, Judge. Scarcely any doubt existed at first in the jury's mind but that Bobby was guilty of the fearful crime. The testimony of two of the witnesses acquitted him. Mc'LEOD, the Philadelphia policeman, testified to "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but he truth," when he said that a policeman's uniform was "red shirt and green breeches, like the boys from Tipperary." Dr. IMBRIE'S testimony was decidedly unsatisfactory. He informed the jury that he was two hours in coming from Juggtown to Princeton. When asked the reason for such delay, he replied that "his horse stopped to brush off the flies." This was rather "too thin," KELLY conclusively showing that the weather was intensely cold, that March winds were far from sultry, and that it was not a *fly* month. March closed with the Class of '70

having its first and only experience with Tutor Meeker, which was slight, as a continued roar drowned his loudest tones.

All will remember John's mathematical examination in April; how the good old man, muffled in his fur coat, sat in the Soph room and listened to the learned disquisitions upon analytical problems flowing from the mouths of those who could with difficulty decipher the examples (hastily copied from WALLIE MILLER and FRANK WARD) much less understand the symbols so readily rattled off.

In May Professor Duffield resumed his branch and gladdened our hearts with his presence, yet only for a time. His attenuated frame and wan look were ill-fitted for the close application of the class-room, and ere the session closed he again succumbed and sought the quiet and comfort of home. The resignation of Dr. Maclean and the election of a new Prex was now the interesting topic. Nearly every day the students put a new candidate in the field and eagerly discussed his abilities and chances for so exalted a position. The action of the Trustees on the 7th of April was anxiously awaited. Dr. Green of the Seminary was chosen, who, upon mature deliberation, declined the proffered honor. Again we were set adrift on the "sea of speculation." Dr. McCosh of Queen's College, Ireland, proved the second choice. During the afternoon of May 26th the news came, across the waters, of his acceptance. General enthusiasm followed. Immediately the students assembled in the Campus where Dr. Maclean in an appropriate speech congratulated us on having secured the services of a man of such eminence, piety, and renown; and added that, to commemorate the happy event, the day following should be a holiday. This was particularly pleasing. On the 27th all recitations were set aside; in the afternoon the students in a body visited Dr. Maclean and the Profs, and were regaled with speeches; cheers greeted the praiseworthy mentions of Dr. McCosh and all matters

relative to the future of the College. In the evening a bonfire blazed around the cannon; our worthy President contributing no small sum towards the material of the same. We were edified with speeches from several students and the day's rejoicings closed with cheers and the rocket for the Prex elect.

The daily gathering of little knots of '71 men in the Campus, their animated though private conversations, the mysterious disappearance of their literary men one or two nights each week, with many other suspicious circumstances led many '70 men to believe that the Freshmen were getting out a "Whang Doodle." To tell them personally they were so engaged or to circulate the report through college was not considered gentlemanly, yet feeling that the public should be duly notified of any forth-coming publication, action was taken to prepare the minds of the same. The following "Prospectus" pasted conspicuously on all the college buildings purporting to emanate from '71, in reality written by '70 men in East College, met the eye as on a bright April morning the students strolled to morning prayers.

## P R O S P E C T U S

OF THE

## "FRESH WHANG DOODLE!"

A WARNING VOICE TO THE SOPHS !

*Vengeance is Ours, and the Day of Retribution is at hand!*

A DESPERATE ATTEMPT FOR INDEPENDENCE !

Victory has at length smiled upon our efforts, and '71 is enrobed in a garment of imperishable renown.

The WHANG DOODLE no longer exists in imagination, but stands forth as a *stern reality*. Articles of eminent brilliancy are from the pens of the following gentlemen (?) :

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"THE DYING ECHO OF '69,"	-	-	-	-	By Seedy Finley.
"THE COWARDLY ATTEMPT OF '70,"	-	-	-	-	By "Hail Columbia."
"THE HYPOCRISY OF '70,"	-	-	-	-	By Saintly Park.
"MORAL DEPRAVITY, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CLASS OF '70,"					

By Revs. Rucker and Jobs.

Acting upon the maxim that the end justifies the means, having searched in vain among the members of our own Class for talent sufficient to produce such a manuscript, we were compelled to apply to the above sources to write upon subjects of vital interest, as our own contracted intellects forbid us to handle them with any degree of propriety.

The minor articles will be ably discussed by the literary talent of the Class, viz., "Sorrel-top" Billmeyer, Hornblower, "Squire" Higgins, "———" Weir, Perry [———], the "Amiable" Hill, and "Dutch" Boughfner.

Parson Coles will put in a few ——— quotations!

The funeral dirge of Squint-eyed Burnside, Bowery Johnson, —— Milligan, and —— Michael, will be dedicated by Lengthy Miller, Ryerson, and Castner.

\$2.98 have been collected for the purpose of defraying the expenses of this sheet; each member contributing not less than 3 cents, with the exception of five members.

At the suggestion of McKibben, Lalor, and several other moral young men of '69, we have appointed Messrs. Harper and Fenton to make arrangements with the Faculty for the publication and proper distribution of this sheet.

*The following Constitute the Editorial Committee:*

JAMES STINK, CHAIRMAN.

BILLY McKIBBEN,

WM. SIMPSON,

PARSON COLES,

DR. BALTZELI,

FINLEY AND HORNBLOWER.

*Printed at the Job Office of Patrick McCleod Park and his "other brother."*

This friendly notice prepared every one for the "Revelation," which was a *revelation* with a vengeance. It *revealed*—well we will not tire the reader with what he already knows.

What might be termed the great event of the year was the publication of the "Essays and Reviews;" though the Whang Doodle and Mirror were successes, yet a work

in subjects more comprehensive, in style more refined, in matter more varied, was destined to flow from the fertile brains and acknowledged genius of the literary men of '70. The first meeting was held in T. PATTERSON'S room, No. 7 West College, on February 7th. From those assembled a committee of nine was elected. THOMAS, SCHELL, T. PATTERSON, KYLE, HOOPER, IMBRIE, GREEN, GLEN, and A. JOLINE. HOOPER afterward withdrew, AGNEW and WHITEHILL were added. To expedite matters three committees were appointed; one on Reviewing, one on Finance, and one on Publication. Each of these were requested to solicit literary and pecuniary aid from different members of the class. Meetings were usually held in AGNEW'S room, near Dr. Macdonald's. The "Praxis," "Scorpion," with others were suggested as fitting names. THOMAS proposed "Essays and Reviews," the one finally adopted. After a strong discussion it was decided not to rake Professor Cameron or Dr. Maclean; also to have the book free from "scurrilous" matter. BILL GLEN handed in the first piece.

Near the close of the session the Reviewers rested from their labors, and handed the Committee on Publication sufficient manuscript to make the largest book of the kind ever published in Nassau Hall. An enterprising and "mum" printer was found in Trenton, thither the manuscript was carried and printed. Thus far everything had worked to a charm. Friday before commencement was the day fixed upon for transporting them to town. This duty devolved on GLEN and THOMAS. GLEN engaged a team of Gulick on the afternoon of the 22d. The same afternoon Prof. Aiken visited the stable no less than three times for reasons best known to himself. Acting on the principle "the more the merrier," KYLE and SUPLEE were invited to join the party. They accepted, and near Judge Field's the four met and tumbled into a small one-horse buggy. The night was clear and beautiful, and—

"Up the east unclouded rose the silv'ry moon,  
Gazing on earth intense as if she saw some wonder moving there,"

which was the case. With THOMAS driving and KYLE using the whip merrily the "Rake" quartette jogged along until they reached a place where two roads intersected. THOMAS said he knew the way, and with a hip-la! started off on the right hand road at a 2:40 pace. KYLE had his misgivings and induced THOMAS to inquire at the first house. A turn in the road soon brought them to a neat cottage. Out jumps THOMAS and beats a lively tattoo on the door. A dog answered the summons. A few inducements in the shape of bricks and stones caused the canine gentleman to turn tail. The wrangle brought to the window a sylph-like form, clad in "reposing robes," and crowned with a night-cap. This fairy apparition informs the gentleman from Scotland that he should have taken the left hand road. No other mishap occurred until they reached Trenton, when THOMAS again happened to miss the way. An hour's groping and riding about the city finally brought them to the office.

The "Rakes" to about the number of 450 were safely stowed away in the chaise, and at half-past one o'clock the return journey commenced. Now began the trials which the wit of a Saxe, the description of a Dickins, or the genius of a Shakespeare could with difficulty adequately set forth. For the nag, already "blown" by the twelve miles drive, to draw seven hundred pounds of human flesh, besides the books, to Princeton before day-break, seemed an impossibility. THOMAS proposed that two should alternately ride and run a mile. This plausible suggestion was agreed upon, KYLE and SUPLEE running the first mile. The plan lasted but a short time, for SUPLEE at the end of the third mile jumped into the team and said: "The Rakes" might go to Jericho" before he would leg it farther. KYLE and GLEN declared they would act likewise. THOMAS was fearfully exasperated at the new turn of affairs. He raved

and stormed at a fearful rate. He said they wouldn't reach Princeton before morning prayers, that the Faculty would catch them, that the "Rakes" would be discovered, that they would be ignominiously expelled, that it was a burning shame to ride, that the horse was nearly dead, and bow-wow-wow! that he anyhow wouldn't ride. "All right," said KYLE, "luck to you, we are off" THOMAS overtaking them at the end of the first mile, again renewed his exposures and threats, and continued them until GLEN, catching him by the collar and pulling him over the wheel into the buggy, told him to smother his wrath and *enjoy* the ride. The Historian will not dwell on this ludicrous scene—be it known, that near 4 o'clock they reached Princeton. The "Essays and Reviews" were deposited in WHITEHILL'S room, and poor naggy more dead than alive was driven to the stable unharnessed and turned loose.

An unexpected obstacle marred their distribution on J. O. Night. The windows of the church were closed, the shutters securely fastened, and policemen stationed by "Ye Faculty" kept guard outside. The perambulations and anxiety of SCHELL, A. JOLINE and their "pal," Dick, on that eventful night will always remain fresh in their memories. One of the Fifteenth Amendment lads, so plentiful in Princeton, sent a few handsfull whizzing through the door to an eager and expectant audience. A certain Professor when the "Rakes" came sailing in, is said to have moved uneasily in his seat and ejaculated "Rakes!" The distribution at the church as a whole was a fizzle, in college open ventilators made the matter easy. Late in the night three disconsolate Sophomores sat on the seats in the front Campus (they will pardon me for not mentioning their names) says No. 1 "Let's give old John a Rake." "We are with you," replied Nos. 2 and 3. Stealthily they stole toward the Doctor's study. One watched outside while No. 1 entering the back gate crept under his study window. Cautiously peering in John was seen chatting with an old

grey-headed friend. Smash went a window and in flew an "Essay and Review." Rhoda in the kitchen screamed "murder," and out of the back door came Dennis with a club. It was but the work of a moment for No. 1 to dive between Dennis' legs and gain the Campus, there an unlucky tumble on the paving stones brought Dennis right upon him. Nos. 2 and 3 nobly came to the rescue and "biffed" Dennis between the eyes. Ere he could regain his feet or brush away the many stars that danced before his vision, Messrs. 1, 2 and 3 had sought safety in flight. It does not become the Historian to here speak of the merits of "Essays and Reviews," yet it is allowable and right for him, to use the words of our eminent mathematical Professor, viz: "In appearance so prepossessing, in style so rich, and in contents so praiseworthy, I can but call it a 'decided rowl.'"

This session was noted for the deep interest manifested in Base Ball matters. In looking over the ball records so faithfully kept by J. C. COOPER, our veteran scorer, we find '71 beaten no less than five times, while with Champion '69 the games were even. The principal event connected with '70 Base Ball Nine was their appearance in a new uniform. Attributing no little of '69's success to their durable leopard coverings, the nine after several meetings in DAVIS' room in West College, authorized F. WARD to select and procure a fitting suit, which consisted of a blue checked shirt and cap with deep blue breeches. One balmy day in June they filed out of NED's room clad in their variegated costume. Reaching the fence that separates the Campus from the ball-field, a band of strolling musicians commenced playing

"Here the conquering heroes come,"

Such they proved, and nobly did they initiate their uniforms, beating their opponents by 15 runs. PIERCE played right field on the nine this season; a fate similar to IMBRIE'S awaited him. In the course of this game he caught three

"flies" but made no runs. A promotion followed and KLINE satisfactorily filled his place.

The last month of Sophomore year was devoted to faithful study. Homer, Prometheus and Phillippies in Greek required many an hour of persistent "polling." Weak eyes for a time were in great demand. The fortunate possessor slid into Junior year without "standing." Huge green goggles supplanted nobby eye-glasses. Those with strong optics faced the music. JACK PATTERSON "crammed" all the day and night previous to "final," then marched to Cam determined to do or die. He "stumped" three times, then *died*. Many followed suit, and many an anathema was breathed out against Achilles' shield and Prometheus' flight. Prof. Aiken made written Latin intensely interesting by adding a "wee bit" of Latin history. For proficiency in this branch CRAWFORD, GREEN, A. HENRY, HOOPER, A. and J. KELLY, A. JOLINE, KYLE, PIERCE, SMITH, SOOY, S. WILLIAMS, and VAN VORST were requested to prepare and read the following year essays touching on the customs and epochs of Rome. Dr. Maclean's examination in "Way of Life," was on Faith and Repentance. As usual all "rowled." It is said that the grades in this branch were given according to the moral character of the individual members. It is but fair to state that IMBRIE ranked first.

Day after this examination we met for our accustomed Sunday evening prayer-meeting in the Doctor's parlor. An unusually large number was present, and many an unusual event occurred. Just as we were seated and the Doctor was reading the passage "Blessed be the peacemakers," one of his many cats with tail erect, its back in the shape of a half-moon, deliberately walked into the room and with an awful *meow* pounced on a sister puss under the sofa. The hair flew in all directions and the *meows* every moment became more rapid and shrill. A cane skillfully used by a well known West College man brought the melee to an end. When quiet was restored John gave out a long-metre

hymn. A. HENRY pitched it on short-metre. As a natural result there was a beautiful giving out when the verse was half finished. A noticeable grin covered every face but John's, who said "Ugh! do better next time." This same evening several members showed their ignorance or disregard of the commandment "Thou shalt not steal." Near the door on entering the parlor was a large old-fashioned bureau; on this were three meek-looking bottles. One individual pushed his investigations so far as to remove the corks and take a sniff. "What is in that bottle?" whispered his next door neighbor. "Blackberry brandy," was the unexpected answer. "'Pon my word that's hot," muttered he, "give me a taste." They both tasted, then passed the word, not the bottle, around. No less than fourteen changed their seats nearer the bureau before the meeting closed, and though it draws a sigh from the heart and brings a tear to the Historian's eye to relate it, yet he must record with veracity the undeniable fact, that when the meeting ended the contents of the three bottles were finished also.

A few days before Commencement T. PATTERSON was unremitting in his efforts to aid the "newies" in passing their examinations. Seated in A. HENRY'S window exactly above Tute Pennington's room he so annoyed Tute and "newies" by his jesting remarks and by his promiscuous use of fire-arms that being summoned before the Faculty he with "blood" Perry received walking papers. T. PAT'S examination before the Faculty was characteristic. When he told them they mistook injured innocence for impudence, and did not appreciate "his peaceful disposition and law loving qualities," this honorable body could not restrain their feelings. Even the Professor of Metaphysics, descending from the celestial to the terrestrial, so far forgot his dignity, for once, as to indulge in a hearty guffaw.

The University Nine started on their Eastern tour the 25th of June. BUCK, F. WARD and NISSLEY represented '70. A detailed account of their exciting games and jolly

good times in general, Geo. Ward has narrated. At Harvard NISSLEY performed prodigies, stopping numerous "hot uns" and running off with the best score; at Williams, WARD captured two difficult "flys" and received the well-earned plaudits of players and spectators; at Yale, BUCK showed the Yale men "how they do things at Princeton" by taking two one-hand "flys" and by sending half-a-dozen "screamers" over the fielders' heads. T. PATTERSON and SAM IRVIN were conspicuous in their assiduous attentions to the comfort and *aspect* of the Nine.

The Junior Orators held forth the same evening. Wednesday was devoted to the usual Commencement and Alumni exercises.

The Historian can close his rambling account of Sophomore year in no more fitting or deserving way than to briefly mention our greatly loved retiring President. He preached his last Baccalaureate sermon to the Senior class in the college chapel—subject, "The Holy Ghost." His closing address to the class was very excellent and embodied a vast amount of valuable advice. Throughout the whole service it was with the greatest difficulty that he restrained his feelings. In his prayer when thanking God for the souls which had been converted during the college course, his voice trembled—but when he wrestled with God, as it were, in prayer for those who were still unconverted, he wept like a child.

With a feeling for the students bordering on parental affection, with a love for his Saviour as deep and fervent as can be instilled in the human heart, John Maclean presented to the world the sublime spectacle of a tender-hearted, noble-souled, Christian man. May a beneficent Providence tenderly watch over him in his declining years, may his last days be his happiest, and may he in the future world receive the reward which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give to those who love and fear Him.

# JUNIOR YEAR.

## CLASS OFFICERS.

### FIRST SESSION.

President,  
THOMAS SWENK, JR.  
Secretary,  
JOSEPH C. GUERNSEY.  
Treasurer,  
ALEXANDER HENRY, JR.

### SECOND SESSION.

President,  
GEORGE B. KINKEAD.  
Secretary,  
WILLIAM D. THOMAS.  
Treasurer,  
SAMUEL IRVIN.

### ENTERED.

WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW..... Valparaiso, Ind.  
CHARLES A. COOK..... Warrenton, N. C.  
G. CLINTON DEAVER..... Buck, Lancaster C., Pa.  
STRATFORD FENDALL..... Washington, D. C.  
WILLIAM Mc D. HALSEY..... Ithica, N. Y.  
J. WILLIAM McILVAIN..... Baltimore, Md.  
EDWIN W. MOORE..... Pottstown, Pa.  
EDWARD P. NEWTON..... Lahare, India.  
THEODORIC B. PRYOR..... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
JOHN T. SHELBY..... Lexington, Ky.

### LEFT.

STRATFORD FENDALL..... Washington, D. C.  
WALTER GASTON..... Somerville.  
HARRY W. McCALL..... Philadelphia, Pa.  
BENTON NAGLE..... Milton, Pa.

## SECOND SESSION.

### ENTERED.

BENJAMIN C. HENRY.....	Sharpsburg, Pa.
WELTY McCULLOCH.....	Greensburg, Pa.
JAMES L. REID.....	Burnsville, Pa.
DAVID E. SHAW.....	Turtle Creek, Pa.

### LEFT.

DANIEL ELMER.....	Bridgeton.
JOHN E. PATTERSON.....	Harrisburg, Pa.

## FIRST SESSION.

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No year was so fraught with interest, so marked with sensations, so varied in every routine of college duty, in a word, so memorable as the one now before us—Junior year. To morning recitations, late breakfasts, hard cramming, and the premature wisdom of the two preceding years, we had forever bidden adieu. Often had we pictured in fancy the ease, the stately bearing, the interesting lectures, the higher branches of practical study, and all the other wished-for joys and enduring benefits, the accompaniments of this famous year. Now the dream had vanished, the vision became a reality to the eighty-seven young men who occupied Junior seats on the morning of the 1st of September and assumed the weighty responsibilities and martial bearing of a Junior. Manfully were both sustained, and the Historian but reiterates the sentiment so often expressed by the Faculty when he says, that '70 was one of the best classes that has been under Nassau's walls for over thirty years.

But we will not anticipate; should we so do, the reader might suppose that Junior year glowed with accounts of severe study, philosophical triumphs, and literary feasts. Such indeed was the case; yet intertwined with them were some of the most memorable and daring sprees, such jolly sociables and "spreads," and delightful associations—in

short, such a mingling of labor and conviviality that the Historian can but, in the words of the poet, exclaim :

“Blest in memory you will ever rest !”

In recitation-rooms we moved from the cellar to the garret ; there found Professor Aiken seated behind the long, curved desk. He expressed his joy on meeting us again, hoped our future intercourse would be marked with the same studious and manly spirit, and wished us the heartiest success. Professor Shields with a beautiful lecture won the esteem of the class on the following Saturday. The year from the start promised to be a stirring one.

September 2d, several Trustees attended evening chapel. They then stated that the students would undoubtedly join with them in making extensive preparations for the inauguration of Doctor McCosh and render it an occasion long to be remembered. The hearty applause that followed showed how warmly the students coincided with the proposition. At the request of Dr. Stearns the classes commenced voting for two members from the respective classes who should choose an orator from '69. Dr. McIlvaine told us how to proceed systematically ; Dr. Atwater tried to improve on this, with a knowing shake of the head. Neither were very clear in their statements, and not until Dr. Stearns briefly explained what he wished did we understand how to proceed. A. JOLINE and MILLER were chosen from '70, and Finley was the orator finally elected.

The following is an extract from the class records :

A class meeting was held on Thursday, Sept. 10, 1868, for the election of Class Officers. The following is the result of the election :

President,	-	-	-	-	-	T. SWENK, Jr.,
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	J. C. GUERNSEY.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	A. HENRY, Jr.

The following Resolutions were then read :

*Resolved*, That the following be adopted as the distinctive badge for Princeton College : An orange colored ribbon (nine inches long, by one and a half inches wide,) with PRINCETON inscribed thereon in *black letters*.

*Resolved*, That the above resolution be submitted to the other Classes, and that upon their favorable consideration, it be laid before the Faculty for their approval.

Moved by SPENCER, and carried, that the aforesaid resolutions be adopted.

Moved by MASON, and carried, that a committee of one be appointed from the class to co-operate with the other classes to procure the badges.

Debating societies were now in the zenith of their glory. Long nights of leisure contributed much to their growth and power. Debates on trite and trivial matters were succeeded by trials and mock courts. Murders, thefts, house and heart-breaking, and all crimes classed under the criminal code were decided and summary judgment meted out. The celebrated breach-of-promise case of "Miss Josephine KELLY" vs. A. HENRY proved one of the most interesting and amusing. The tender nature of this case was in itself enough to awaken unusual interest, and when it was known that the most celebrated legal counsel (in college) were engaged, the applications for admission to the court-room was unprecedented. In Stelle's Building, at eight o'clock, Judge Sooy in a dignified manner called the court to order and the clerk read the summons. A. H. JOLINE, Esq., and Hon. JACK PATTERSON defended HENRY; Counsellor HARRIS and ex-Judge GLEN pushed the claims of Miss KELLY. Miss Josephine was first called upon the stand; with a voice choked with sighs, with heaving breast and downcast eyes, she told that oft-repeated tale of unrequited love and man's ingratitude. In closing, turning to the cause of all her woes, she did not upbraid him, did not invoke countless sufferings on his head, but with tearful face prayed that, whatever might be the verdict, his future course towards her might be like

"The bat in the Indian brakes,  
Which fans with its pinion the wound it makes!"

This touching appeal produced a profound sensation; spectators scowled on the savage culprit. It was with difficulty that the Judge could prevent a "scene," or preserve the decorum of the court. Here Mary Jane SHIPMAN fainted and was carried out; Mrs. BUCK went into hysterics. HENRY's testimony was concise and to the point; he acknow-

ledged that he was a man of warm affections and loved the female race collectively and individually. He was "struck" when he first saw Miss KELLY; he felt inclined to kiss her, but didn't have the pluck; and said he was the victim of a vile conspiracy; all he sought was *justice*. At this stage of the proceedings an excited outsider moved that the court adjourn to Rittenhouse's for some crackers and ale; Judge decided this out of order and called on Dr. PARKER to remove the offender. PARKER himself was undoubtedly dry, for he removed the individual not only from the court-room, but into Rit's back-room, where we presume they "smiled" and felt better. The deep erudition and wisdom of the witnesses had a powerful effect. The closing pleas of the opposing lawyers teemed with persuasive eloquence; at quarter to eleven the jury brought in a verdict of \$3,500 damages instead of the \$10,000 claimed. HENRY's generosity supplied the court afterwards with several pitchers of ale; by means of which Miss KELLY and Mrs. BUCK recovered their wonted spirits but came near losing their equilibrium.

Cook some weeks later was tried for *freshness*, found guilty, and sentenced to treat the court. This verdict he treated with contempt, informing the honorable body that he was "broke," that his credit was bad, and that they might go to—thunder.

On the 19th the following challenge appeared on the bulletin tree:

"The First Nine of '70 do hereby challenge the First Nine of '69 to play the deciding game for the championship at 2 o'clock.

F. WARD, Captain."

George Ward speedily tacked up an acceptance and on the Princeton grounds was played the intensely exciting game that gave to '70 the championship. Before the game the "blowing" for the respective nines ran high. Sundry wine and oyster suppers were staked on the result, and when the game was called the ground was thronged with

eager spectators. The ladies came out in force and stimulated both nines by their subdued though highly appreciated applause. '69 won the toss and '70 went to the bat; the playing from beginning to end was "professional." F. WARD caught five "flys" and frightened Sloan by sending two "daisy cutters" right at that gentleman's head. BUCK throwing his cap aside rolled up his sleeves and pitched as he never pitched before. A "tip-out," a "foul-out," or "out-on-the-fly" proved the effectiveness of his playing. W. GUMMERE "laid for them" in centre field; he "froze" beautifully to three hot ones right from the bat. DAVIS played short-stop well; indeed every member of '70 did his prettiest. Up to the 5th innings the score was even; '69 then went to the bat; Fox on a splendid hit made second base; Schenck gained first, sending Fox to third; G. Ward next striker. All felt it was the turning-point of the game and eagerly watched the issue. Ward struck a dead-liner towards first base. Will GLEN hold it? No—yes! Ah, he has it! Splendid catch! Hurrah for "Tar Heel!" Double play, two men out, and no runs! Eby went out on a foul. Score of 5 to 5 on uneven innings. "Now go in, boys, do yourselves proud!" shouts BUCK as SHARP calls for a "knee-high ball." McKibben pitches a beauty, SHARP drives it to left field and makes his base. GLEN, OLIPHANT, NISSLEY and DAVIS keep the ball moving. BUCK and F. WARD yell to the men to come in at the first chance. Spectators leave their seats and crowd around the home base. The umpire disperses them with a bat. GUMMERE "tears his shirt" as he slides into "first," knocks Fox over who misses the ball thrown by Ridgeway. "Come in! lively! lively!" yells KLINE. One—two—three—four runs and none out. Three more were added this inning, making the score 12 to 5 in favor of '70. From this time '70 took a decided lead; '69 played well but for once they found their superiors. The game closed with a score of 33 to 13; and such a yell went up when the last man went out as

never before or after echoed from the Princeton grounds.

Annexed is the score :

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME BETWEEN '69 AND '70.

'70.	O.	R.	F.	'69.	O.	R.	F.
Ward, .....	3	4	5	Ward,.....	3	1	2
Buck, .....	2	6	0	Eby,.....	5	1	0
Glen, .....	1	5	1	Mills, .....	3	1	1
Oliphant,.....	4	3	1	Lalor,.....	3	1	0
Sharp,.....	4	3	0	McKibben,.....	1	2	1
Nissley,.....	3	4	0	Fox,.....	4	1	3
Gummere,.....	4	2	3	Schenck, .....	2	3	0
Davis,.....	4	2	1	Ridgeway, .....	3	2	1
Kline,.....	2	4	1	Sloan,.....	3	1	1
Totals,	27	33	12	Totals,	27	13	9

Called Balls—Buck, 29; McKibben, 19.

UMPIRE—Johnston, of Princeton.

SCORERS—Mellier and Cooper.

Game played on the Princeton Grounds.

'70 could not do too much for her noble Nine. The requisite sum was speedily raised and a hot supper with "the little side-dishes" were dished up in fine style at the Hotel for the *Champions*.

Dr. Alexander, filling the place of Dr. Duffield, was our instructor in Differential Calculus. His peculiar modes of explanation, standing behind his desk with a yard-stick in his hand, alternately telling the blackboard and the floor that "zero was the absence of the quantity in question;" his quaint sayings of "Ah!" "No! it isn't funny!" his references to Alexander the Great, with whom he claimed no relationship, and his jocular remarks to all disorders, often metamorphosed the recitation into Act III of Humpty Dumpty. His final examination in this branch was more of a farce than the one under Dr. Maclean in Sophomore year. While one was reciting the definitions, another was sent to the board. Kind friends whispered answers to the former; at the blackboard, F. WARD, HALSEY and DEAYER cannot be too richly thanked for their unwearied and willing efforts. These gentlemen remained in the room during the most of the day, working out the problems for the many

poor "unables." Once Stevie, turning around, interfered with the happy state of affairs. He saw THOMAS copying an example from a paper held in his left hand; and gave Patrick a fearful "mean" by saying, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth! I refer to you, Mr. THOMAS?" This was the only time during our college course that "Patrick Henry" did not "venture to remark;" he dropped the paper, left the blackboard, plead a severe headache, and sadly left the room.

On the 30th a new series for the championship commenced. Fortune favored '69 with a score of 25 to 18.

October 1st, Dan Rice with his circus came to town; in the evening one side of the tent was filled with students, from which arose many a stirring ditty. The clown by some chance happened upon a roll of '71. Dan Rice closed his performance with a farewell speech making touching allusions to "those young sprigs in college."

The following week college servants were engaged in improving the appearance of the college grounds and buildings for the coming Inauguration. Walks were leveled, trees cut down, and Dr. McCosh's house newly painted and repaired through the liberality of prominent New Yorkers.

October 20th the steamer reached New York bearing our illustrious President and family. When it became known that Dr. McCosh on the afternoon of that day would make his appearance in Princeton, the intensest excitement prevailed. Classes in regular order led by their marshals, (NISSLEY and WHITEHILL for '70), preceded by the Faculty, marched to the depot. Near three o'clock the shrill whistle of the dummy was heard and soon it rounded the corner with its famous passenger. At this moment some high-spirited individual began to ring the dummy bell. The car shot into the depot and in a few moments thence emerged our future President, followed by all the Professors. Cheer after cheer rent the air as Dr. McCosh with travelling-bag in hand marched up the plank sidewalk between the rows

of students, a centre of attraction for every eye. We escorted him to his future home, and there startled his ears with the rocket—st—boom—ah !

Reaching his house all broke ranks and filled his front yard. He, stepping on the piazza, was enthusiastically cheered ; he delivered a short speech and closed by calling for three cheers for Princeton. Those hearty cheers ! we seem to hear them now ! No warmer welcome could have been desired by any man ; no warmer one could have been given than the one James McCosh received from the true, manly, hearts of his future students, the sons of Nassau Hall.

On the 25th Dr. McCosh made his first appearance in Chapel ; Professor Shields preached an excellent sermon on the Simplicity of Christ. The following day there were no recitations ; and the 27th of October witnessed the inauguration of McCosh.

At quarter before twelve the procession—one of the most imposing ever seen in Princeton—formed in front of the college chapel and marched to the church. The order of exercises is here given ; although printed elsewhere it may be pleasant to recur to, making as it does such an epoch in the history of Princeton College.

His Excellency, MARCUS L. WARD, Governor of New Jersey, and *ex-officio* President of the Board of Trustees, Presiding.

Music.

Invocation by the Rev. JONATHAN F. STEARNS. D. D., a Member of the Board of Trustees.

Music, 72d Psalm.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the Trustees, by the Rev. CHARLES HODGE, D. D., LL. D., of the Class of 1815, Professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary, Senior Member of the Board of Trustees.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the Under-Graduates, by Mr. J. THOMAS FINLEY, of the Senior Class, representing the Cliosophic and American Whig societies.

Congratulatory Address to the Alumni and friends of the College, by the Honorable WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, of the Class of 1824.

Address in Response, on behalf of the Alumni, by the Honorable JAMES POLLOCK, LL.D., Class of 1831, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.

The Oaths of Office administered to the President-Elect, by the Honorable ABRAHAM O. ZABRISKIE, LL.D., of the Class of 1825, Chancellor of New Jersey. The President-Elect presented to the Chancellor by the Honorable DANIEL HAINES, of the Class of 1820, and the Honorable CHARLES S. OLDEN, Ex-Governors of New Jersey and Members of the Board of Trustees.

Music, "Te Deum Laudamus."

Delivery of the Charter and Keys of the College to the President, by the Reverend JOHN MACLEAN, D. D., LL.D., of the Class of 1816, the retiring President of the College.

Inaugural Address, by the Reverend JAMES M'COSH, D. D., LL.D., President of the College. *Subject*: "Academic Teaching in Europe."

Concluding Prayer, by the Reverend GEORGE W. MUSGRAVE, D. D. LL.D., a Member of the Board of Trustees.

Music, Doxology, 117th Psalm.

Benediction, by the Right Reverend CHARLES P. McILVAINE, D. D., D. C. L., of the Class of 1816, Bishop of Ohio.

Finley, in behalf of the students, fully met their expectations. Other speeches from distinguished men present were of a lofty and touching nature. When Dr. Maclean delivered over the keys of the college, cheer after cheer made the church ring, handkerchiefs waved, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Dr. McCosh occupied an hour and a good "bitock" in his address on "Academic Teaching in Europe." The closest attention was observed throughout. SWENK and PIERCE in conjunction with two from each of the other classes were appointed to superintend the illumination of the campus the same night. Early in the evening the front campus was ablaze with innumerable Chinese lanterns. The Seventh Regiment Band discoursed delightful music on the library steps, over which in fiery letters blazed the words:

"WITHERSPOON—1769, McCOSH—1869."

The walks were covered with the *élite* and beauty of Princeton, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities; and

the moon gazing upon a scene of happiness, witnessed many an "innocent flirtation." Dr. McCosh gave a reception during the evening; his rooms were filled with students and visitors; and all received a hearty Scotch welcome. About eleven o'clock the Campus began to be deserted, by twelve the last light was out, and the quiet of night settled on College, Campus and town. The inauguration of McCosh had become a thing of history.

Dr. Atwater the following week informed the class that "they were in the heart of Logic." PARKER stumped; as an excuse, said "it was too *hearty* for him!" Some days after A. JOLINE, coming into recitation-room early, seeing quite a number present, and forgetting or unaware that Dr. Atwater was at the window, shouted: "I swear! you fellows having a class-meeting? Doing it on the sly, eh? Where's Dad?" Chancing to turn, he saw our eminent metaphysician standing by the window. ADDIE was paralyzed; his face underwent a hundred changes in as many moments. He glanced at the Professor and then at his class-mates; to use his own expression, he was completely staggered. He however walked to his seat, and throughout the lecture none had a meeker face, there was no more diligent note-taker, more faithful listener, or more model student than "Small."

WALLY MILLER was the first man up in Guyot; he "rowled" of course, and had the satisfaction after sixteen minutes' questioning to sit down and see a welcome "100" put down opposite his name.

On November 1st Dr. McCosh preached his first sermon in the college chapel; subject, "Moses on the Mount." The chapel was crowded. In the afternoon he began his lectures on the "Life of Christ;" which up to the close of one course have never failed to enchain the attention of all present, and have abounded in excellent advice. On the 9th McCosh visited the Princeton Base Ball Grounds, where '69 and '70 were playing, and where '70 secured the

championship for sixty-eight by a score of 26 to 10. The Doctor warmly expressed his interest in this and all other athletic games, and on the following day gave us an "intimation" that he intended to give a series of parties to the students, "to become," as he expressed it, "better acquainted with the young gentlemen." The "Scrub" and "Muffin" nines this month played several amusing matches. The "Shanghais" vs. "Bantams," "Birds" vs. "Worms," were champions. '70 sent a strong muffing nine into the field to contest with '69. This match in base ball annals is dignified with the name, "Busters" vs. "Busted." YEISLEY captained the Busters in a strictly military manner, and played right-field, as KYLE said, "right smart." SAM GUMMERE in centre-field reached for four "liners," but laid his hands on none. The alertness, activity, and gracefulness of MASON in left-field called forth tremendous applause. Coolness of brain and steadiness of nerve characterized DAVVY's and DE WITT's playing. "Remarks" and "orders" rather than fine catches distinguished PATRICK HENRY on third base. DOUGHERTY won without dispute the title of champion muffist. DAN ELMER's pitching was pitching *par excellence*. ALEXANDER caught well, captured we forget how many fouls, and by sharp throwing put out four men on second base. The Busters were defeated by two runs.

A meeting of the prominent men in the class before '69's chapel stage speaking, decided to do away with the customary burlesques and let their genius in this line of literature rest with the "Essays and Reviews."

Of all the associations formed this year whether for pleasure, advantage, or for questionable purposes, none were so replete with interest, came so near the perfection of jollity, or were subject to more vicissitudes than the one known as the "Lecture Association of '70." Such men as YEISLEY, SPENCER, AGNEW, SOOY, BARTHOLOMEW, A. HENRY, SUPLEE, & Co., had long deplored the apathy of

students in not securing the services of distinguished lecturers who might instruct, please, and edify all. *Enthused* with this commendable spirit they met in SPENCER's room in November, drew up a Constitution and By-Laws, elected officers, and embarked on their new and somewhat dangerous (for the pocket) enterprise. (Now SPENCER's room is in the west end of that college known as North, that end which faces the setting sun. It is situated on the lower floor, its number is 5, and the name painted on the door is 'Calumet.' It is moreover where all meetings both of a joyous and serious nature are held; for Billy always insists on the 'boys' making it a general rendezvous.) One simple law ruled all their actions, viz: that a certain amount should be placed by each one in the treasury as a reserve fund for future emergencies. All profits were to be equally divided, all losses were to be equally borne; and if any money remained at the end of the year, they were to have a big blow-out at the Mansion House. Their corresponding secretary wrote to many able lecturers; finally engaged one from Philadelphia and one from Boston. Their first difference arose with the Faculty. This all-powerful body required the Association to submit to their approval or disapproval all those with whom "BART" corresponded. The Association reluctantly acquiesced in this ungracious demand, which was destined to give them many opportunities for *blessing* that body for its unreasonable requests. After much writing and trouble and many daily meetings the services of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage were finally secured. SPENCER and HENRY made out the bills and SPENCER and SOOY were chosen to post them on one bitter cold night. Their troubles that night are described in glowing terms by both. The paste froze in the pail, the brush became as stiff as a stick; SPENCER stopping to blow his fingers let fall the posters. Old Boreas scattering, bore them swiftly down the street. SooY, dropping pail and brush, joined BILLY in the pursuit. They succeeded in col-

lecting about two-thirds near the Market, then walked briskly to Witherspoon street where the pail was dropped.

Where was it now? not a trace could be seen; but the indistinct pat of feet in the distance showed that some rascally snob was the thief. With the sharp wind every minute rendering them more uncomfortable, with one-third of their posters sprinkled along the road, with borrowed pail and brush stolen, their feelings were far from jubilant. "If I were a swearing man I could cuss right happily now," said Sooy. "Don't do it," exclaims BILLY, "It won't help matters, nor bring back the pail. But you can bet your bottom dollar that I don't try this again." "*Recte*," says Sooy, slapping him on the shoulder. At once they proceeded to No. 5 North; BILLY takes a smoke, Sooy toasts his toes by the fire, and with "I hope you will sleep well, BILLY," opens the door and starts for Carpenter's. Other members next night succeeded better, and BILLY was promoted from bill-poster to door-keeper on the eve of the lecture. The electric thrill of delicately formed hands touching his as he politely said "Tickets, if you please," gave him a very florid complexion, while his muscle proved a valuable auxiliary in tossing the impudent snobs down stairs; possibly the thought of the stolen pail and brush helped to accelerate the down-stair progress of these precocious urchins. Lecture over, they met at the "Calumet" to count the proceeds, which amounted to \$120; out of this they were to pay Talmage and all the necessary expenses, amounting to \$150! net loss of \$30 on first lecture. "Glorious beginning!" ejaculated HENRY. "Decidedly so!" says AGNEW, "Have a few more like this and there will be a tremendous 'burst-up' instead of a grand 'blow-out' at Bailey's." "*Recte Rursus*," growls Sooy. Undaunted by this inauspicious beginning they persevered in their first resolution. Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller, came unsolicited and tendered his services. He said he would if urged repeat in the chapel his renowned lecture

on the "Peculiarities of the Elephant in the Azoic age." His services were declined. The Association dragged out a precarious existence until the end of Junior year when it breathed its last. At that period twenty dollars remained in the treasury. This amount was invested in a plain though substantial supper at Grant's. There the writer must leave them. What circumstances could be more auspicious, what occasion better suited to bid its members farewell than the one now presented? None. So we will leave them, seated in that famous restaurant, with charming little "Maggie" for a waiter, surrounded by palatable dishes and enveloped in clouds of smoke.

About this time several daring chicken thefts caused considerable excitement. IMBRIE, Van, GASTON, and W. GUMMERE went one dark night down the railroad and relieved Mrs. Bridget O'Bull of four fat hens. In the hurry of leaving, an autograph cane was left behind. Bridget next morning sent this tell tale stick to Mayor Stonaker. How the affair ended we do not exactly know. We have been informed that that ever-healing ointment, Greenbacks, cooled Bridget's ire and redeemed the cane.

A week or so after the O'Bull episode

TOM arose and put on his clothes,  
Fol-de-rol de-roost-dum-chick-do,  
And down to Suydam's quickly goes,  
Roost dum-chick-dum cock-a-doodle-doo!

and clandestinely removes from that worthy citizen's hen roost six fine dorking hens, one pullet and an eight pound rooster. "The ——" (he will resent in a manner more forcible than polite if I mention his high sounding name) helped Tom bag the game. Near the chapel they decapitated the hapless Shanghais. The rooster escaping from beneath TOM's heel flew towards East College. "Innominate" started after him and stopped the old fellow's noise and career by literally mashing his head with a well thrown brick. Carefully concealing the feathers they carried the

birds to —— North College. Next day, placed in an unsuspecting clothes-bag, the fowls were carried to "Old Dinah," who said, "I cooks dem for \$2. I shall nebber know who brought dem." This very day town constables searched Bartley Reynold's house, and vowed vengeance on the midnight marauders. All their efforts to discover the guilty parties ended like the Lecture Association, in smoke. The following night at 12 o'clock a company of eighteen Juniors sat around two tables in ——'s room, that fairly groaned under the weight of tempting viands and smoking meats. "Innominate" used the carving knife (there was but one knife and fork in the room) with great dexterity, and bountifully helped his hungry guests to the choice morsels. The company through want of better implements freely used their thumbs and fingers. It was an amusing scene to see the feasters with a half a chicken in one hand, a mug of ale in the other, talking, eating and joking at the same time. Toasts were applauded in a subdued manner lest some unwelcome Tute should demand admittance. The wish-bone of the rooster was unanimously voted Tom for his coolness, pluck and *game* qualities in general. But yesterday we saw the pullet's wish-bone fastened to a dried roll adorning the walls of a certain Pennsylvanian's room. Near break of day the guests quietly departed in wonderfully cheerful spirits. "Jim Stink" before noon gathered from the carpet a basket full of chicken bones and crumbs, put all things in their accustomed places, and removed all traces of the previous night's banquet.

The annual Junior Orator contest on the first of December resulted in the selection from Clio Hall of BARTHOLOMEW, A. JOLINE, TEMPLE and YEISLEY, from Whig Hall of CRAWFORD, KYLE, W. SCHELL, and SMITH, to represent '70 on the eve of commencement. For weeks before the contest the monotony of the quiet dells in Mrs. Potter's woods was relieved by the trumpet tones of the many "would-be's."

Quite a number were disappointed in not securing this high honor, yet they for the time believing in foreordination, and that their names had not been placed on the J. O. page in fate's book, swallowed their disappointment and cast regret to the winds.

During the last weeks of the session we distinguished ourselves in many attempts to be champions in foot as well as base ball. The deciding match came off on December 4th, when thirty picked men from '70 met an equal number from '69 in the back Campus. AGNEW was stationed near the cannon; he like a military man did not desert his post, but stood by the old revolutionary relic, watched with seeming indifference the ebb and flow of the game, and when it was finished he sauntered to his room and took a nap. '71 especially excelled in this invigorating sport.

A little later in the season BUCK, RENDALL, and GUMMERE joined a town party on a fox hunt. Poor Reynard was un pityingly chased over hill and dale. RENDALL, this side of Rocky Hill, dashing through a piece of woods hoped to get a shot at the fox as it rounded an eminence. Just as he emerged from the woodland he spied, as he thought in his excited state of mind, the object of the chase leaping a wall. With a wild shout of "*yonder the gentleman goes!*" he nervously cocked both barrels of his heavily loaded shot gun, and let drive. Unfortunate event! The charge did nearly as much execution behind as before. Hearing the rest of the party rushing through the woods RENDALL leaped to his feet and ran to secure the bushy tail of the coveted prize. But what a sight met his bewildered vision! It is too bad to tell the truth, old fellow, yet it is too good to keep; instead of a fox, he had shot a big brown animal generally known throughout the world as a *Tom Cat*. REN could not get out of the way too quick. The joke reached college, and he was known for a long time after as Mr. *Thomas* RENDALL.

Near the close of the term the Cap and Gown question, the "pro-and-anti-colored-student-in-chapel-movement," and the embellishment of Dr. McCosh's front door with the mystic words, "Horse Collar," served to relieve the tediousness of "polling" and the anxiety of examinations. The latter affair gave rise to an indignation meeting in the chapel. So much noise prevailed we were unable to hear whether a vote of censure against the painters was carried. Minds are about equally divided on that point.

Closing examinations, except Greek, were unattended by anything of an unusual nature. In Thucydides SUPLEE and PARKER hopped over too many particles in translating the "funeral oration" and "plague" to suit Cam's fastidious taste.

Quite a large number of students remained in Princeton through the winter and spring vacations. Free from college discipline they boarded at the hotels and devoted their leisure time to reading, the pleasures of whist, and fun. One time hiring Mose and his ebony-hued band they treated all Princeton to a serenade. The slightest reminder to the serenaders of "the beautiful hic-moon" as then warbled, even now brings a grimace to their faces. On another occasion when three were joking with the German *Duke a lew* bounded in with a hatchet to "hit him on de head," for he &c., which means to those, who will never forget the attending circumstances, first, remember *how* and *where* you are, secondly, *consider* well before you *act*.

## SECOND SESSION.

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“What is happiness?” “Happiness is the harmony or the result of the harmony of the susceptibilities of a sentient being and those objects which were created to satisfy it.” Reader, does this ethical definition of happiness satisfy you? If it does, then the quotation has its desired effect; if not, we will recall some of the events crowded into this and the short summer sessions and ask you, joining many sunny and grateful recollections to the few DATA given, to decide whether the last half of Junior year was or was not happiness.

The disagreeable weather (by the way a peculiarity of Princeton) and the bleak uninviting prospect outside gave all a chance during January of enjoying the comfort and cheerfulness of their cozy rooms. This monotony was in a degree removed on the 17th by an amusing event in the College Chapel. Dr. Atwater that day conducted the services; as he was about to read from the Bible, Dr. McCosh, apparently unacquainted with American forms, quickly rose from his chair, advanced to Dr. Atwater's side, and there bowed his head thinking a prayer was to follow. He soon discovered his mistake and returned to his seat with visible agitation. The “national hand” formed the subject of the sermon, which was strikingly exemplified by the preacher using his own hand as an exponent.

Our class first listened to Dr. McCosh's psychological lectures; Doctor's articulation and pronunciation were purely

Scotch, his idiosyncracies were numerous and laughable and his recitations with the "Quite right" were very instructive. THOMAS occasionally advanced new ideas; once upon McCosh correcting him, he said "you confuse me, sir." "Rather say," replied Jeems, "that you confuse yourself." At another time GLEN asked to leave the room, the request was refused. GLEN (mad) called at his house after recitation and wanted an explanation. Jeems listened to his complaint in silence for a few moments, then exclaimed "Leave my room—leave my room sir! I have no time to talk to you." Glen (very mad) pours into Dr. Atwater's ear his woful tale and threatens vengeance. Jeems repeatedly told us that "Dr. Thomas Brown of Edinburgh was no relation of Mr. THOMAS BROWN before him—that both were worthy—and that he did understand why the young gentlemen should make such a noise." He often "intimated" that he would "take note of the young gentleman's leaving the room," and was thunderstruck and "would not allow such insubordination" when the class called on him for a speech at the close of the term. Afterward learning that speech-calling was a sign of respect, not of insubordination, he "intimated" the morning after the occurrence that he desired to see the class after prayers. We remained in chapel, accepted the Dr's apology, and gave him a rousing cheer when he wished "the young gentlemen a pleasant vacation." His written examination in the Library was exceedingly difficult. One, MASON by name, drawing his table and chair into a lucky alcove, coolly took "Intuitions of the Mind" from a neighboring bookshelf and at the end of two hours handed in remarkably correct and copious answers to all the questions propounded.

On the afternoon of Feb'y 4th the following expressive invitation was left at a large number of rooms:

"Mr. John F. Joline requests the pleasure of your company at the 'Wigwam,' 51 North College, for Thursday night, from ten o'clock until 'balmy.' Wheel-barrows provided. R. S. V. P.

PRINCETON, Feb. 4, 1869."

"Wheel-barrows provided"! What did this mean? Don't get excited, gentle readers, time will tell what it means and how they were used. These kind invitations were at once accepted and that night in and outside the walls of old North there was a scene

" At which the pale moon  
Hid its face in affright, and the country all round,  
Was filled with alarm at the revelling sound."

*Scene.* Wigwam.

*Time,* 10 o'clock P. M.

*Dramatis Personæ.* J. JOLINE, BIG INJUN, TOM THE PROVOST, JACK PATTERSON, KLINE, HARRIS, IMBRIE, A. JOLINE, PIERCE, RENDALL, MASON, SCHELL, WILLIS, GLEN, GREEN, WARD and PARKER.

*Eatables.* Roast chicken, ditto turkey, rolls, cake, &c.

*Smokeables.* Havanas, Dutch pipes, clay pipes, meerschauams, cheroots, "Daniel Boones," &c.

*Drinkables* (?) (?) (?) (?) (?) (?) (?) &c.

JOHN in full dress heartily welcomed his guests and seated them as fast as they arrived around the numerous card tables; BIG INJUN "did the polite" to perfection, calling the roll at precisely  $10\frac{1}{2}$  and finding all present, he locked the door and stated that their birthday host desired them to exchange cards for something more substantial. The card tables were immediately vacated and each took the seat assigned him around the sumptuously spread board. BIG INJUN sat at the head of one table, IMBRIE at the head of the other. We will not dwell on the gastronomic part, the names of some of the *personæ* would forbid that. The peculiar pop of corks—the rattle of knives, the merry laugh, and the *hop* of the *hopper* as IMBRIE 'bit,' closed the first act.

N. B. All happy.

## ACT II.

Scenery changed. Table sprinkled with numerous glasses. Big punch bowl, filled with lemonade on which floods a few doughnuts, near centre of table. The host

seated in state in an elevated chair above which are the words "Eat and be merry."

Exuberance of spirit, sparkling of eyes, and fluency of speech have considerably increased. The long life, happiness, and prosperity of our host, are drunk in flowing bumpers; right after which the poet of the evening is introduced, and the following poem, the result of two hours thought, is delivered:

The morning Sun was dawning fast  
As into Princeton village passed  
A youth who knew full many a word  
Of Latin and Greek but ne'er had heard  
"Horse-collar—"

Open his mouth, his tongue beneath  
Rolled in and out between his teeth—  
When on his startled ear there rung  
In accents of some unknown tongue.  
"Horse-collar.—"

Next two verses tell of his coming through Nassau St., of his gazing at the birth place of the vile sell "*Horse collar*" and of a townsman saying to him "if you enter—

From every window 'll come a head  
From every head'll come a shout  
'Hello, my friend'—you turn about  
(and hear) '*Horse-collar.*'"

Next three verses show the folly of rashness:

Dauntless still, by this unstayed  
He entered in this classic shade—  
O! had he heeded the townsman's word!  
He heard the cry, he turned and heard  
"*Horse-collar.*"

The tutor heard him, pass'd him thro';  
A freshman now he'd bid adieu—  
To trouble. The class-room enters, spirits high  
Name called, rose, Tute winked his eye  
and said "*Horse-collar.*"



cally endeavors to dot down events. Two individuals are declining a well known Latin pronoun as they vainly endeavour to define "Smut." A West College man mixes three kinds of liquors and gives the compound to one who never felt "so funny and dizzy before." Another standing on the table is spouting his J. O. speech, and with unsteady hand is pouring the contents of his glass on the head of a Marylander, who, speaking on the woes of Poland, insists on finishing *his few remarks*. Scraps of songs, bits of eloquence, animated conversations, and pealing choruses are promiscuously mingled.

*Scene IV.*—N. B. all perfectly comfortable. Same as Scene III or a little more so.

### ACT III.

In which the wheelbarrows are used with two or three guests; things are getting terribly mixed. Everything presents to their vision a strange, complicated, confused and double appearance. The tables seem to dance while the chairs are embracing the necks of the bottles. They begin to feel sleepy, and think it is about time to say good night. This done, each leads two companions down stairs; reaching the Campus, his friends placing him in a convenient wheebarrow, trundle him over to East or West. It is said a smile of joy irradiated one contented countenance as gazing from the wheelbarrow upon the starry firmament he murmured, "pooty eetle stars, bootiful eetle stars, I love de ittle twinkling stars." Another declared he was all right—could go to his room alone, &c. He was discovered some time after talking to the trees in the Campus; addressing them as "Mister Faculty." He was very angry that he was not here allowed to "*finish his few remarks*." We must pass over the *coal* scene in the opposite room where "one was dying," and "wont you for the sake of suffering humanity give us a chew of tobacco?" Also over the scene later enacted, when two of the put-to-bed-guests suddenly re-

appeared in the "Wigwam," and wanted to know where — was? and how when carried back, a window in East was suddenly raised and out popped a head that wanted to "*finish his few remarks.*" Yes—all these as well as the deep refreshing slumbers we will omit and drop the curtain on the last scene of the memorable drama.

*Epilogue.*—Morning Chapel. Time 7:30. All our friends of the previous night are present attired with more than usual neatness. Their entire appearance is faultless. After prayers they meet outside Chapel, exchange a few "how de does?" and "good morning's," and unanimously decide that around the 4th of February will cling many a sweet, joyful recollection.

February 15th, a large number hearing C MOORE had a piece of the original "Noah's Ark," visited him to see more of it. CHARLES was rather taken aback at the long file of '70 men that came pouring in his quarters; he however took the joke in good part, showed them the *curiosity*, and proposed that the company should continue their visits. This suggestion meeting with universal approbation they forthwith started for DE WITT's room. NISSLEY furthered matters by raising the dead-latch with his heel and in all marched. MOSE was taking it easy with his feet on the table, his hat hung on his right ear, and playing the "Arkansas Traveller" on his renowned fiddle. The visitors here danced the Lancers, sung a few songs, then went to KINKEAD's room. PRYOR shouted to KIN to open his door, for all were expecting a hearty welcome. What was their surprise as the door slowly opened to find the gentleman from old Kentucky brandishing a poker, who with blazing eyes and frightful mien threatened to kill the first man that entered. The would-be visitors were pained at this rough reception; so turning the cold shoulder they walked down stairs and left him to his peace.

On Washington's Birthday a "cut" was tried, it proved a lamentable fizzle. HOOPER however, in behalf of the

class, arose in recitation and requested Prof. Duffield to give us a holiday, which he was unwilling or unable to do; this may account for

“D. D. D. D. D. D. D.”

“*Interpretatio a Dado,*”

that covered the walls some days after.

March 3d, there was a class meeting in the Junior room to elect class officers, choose editors for the Lit., and discuss the plan of issuing a semi-monthly paper. SUPLEE was elected President, IRVIN Secretary, A. HENRY Treasurer. The voting for Lit. Editors was brisk, the chair announced the following gentlemen chosen as Editors:

June,	{	A. B. KELLY,
		T. D. SUPLEE.
October,	{	G. H. HOOPER,
		W. H. HALSEY.
December,	{	C. F. IMBRIE,
		H. S. HARRIS.
March,	{	E. E. GREEN,
		D. R. SESSIONS.

HALSEY left college and IMBRIE ably supplied his place. SCHELL, owing to the resignation of one of the corps, in March, was incorporated among this talented body and brought out the best “Olla Pod” of the season. The paper project was indefinitely postponed.

The “Typical Forms of '72,” and the annual Catalogue made their appearance about the same time. The editors of the former eventually “made the acquaintance” of the Faculty, while the latter served to satisfactorily explain *where* and *with whom* PETERS roomed. His mysterious and ambiguous answer to Dr. Atwater concerning his abode was a standing joke on JOHNNY for a long time.

SAM GUMMERE did the agreeable two or three evenings to the “Petri.” His invitations were accepted without much pressing. SAM’s brandy at these parties was first as well as French proof, his eatables bordered on the Epicu-

rean style, and little Peter, fixed up for the occasion, nimbly attended to all. The punch DAN ELMER and his friend made for the assembled "Petri" fully corroborated the existing report that "Puffy's" stronghold was punch making. One most estimable guest, whose name belies his high nature and character, left the room in a terrible hurry. We were glad to learn next day that a strong segar caused his speedy departure, not the strong (?). The pyramids of ice-cream, the quantities of segars, and the other necessities easily imagined that decked SAM's tables at these "spreads," and the pleasant, jovial way time passed until the small hours of morning, will not soon fade from the "Petri's" memories.

April 1st—All Fools Day—Tom Brown the hatter sold all the plugs that had accumulated on his hands for years. Adorned with these a crowd of students preceded by Pennington's paste-board band marched around the triangle. In the evening the Wizard Oil man met with a *warm* reception.

It must be known that the Historian encounters many disadvantages. He is not permitted to adorn his writings with fanciful pictures or draw sketches from the colors of imagination. His material must be actual facts and he must treat them in a strictly truthful and impartial manner. We say this as we are about to mention an event of rather questionable character. Should one say "Mr. Historian, why don't you pass this over?" our answer would be "We never propose to give any one a ground or reason of alleging against us the sin of omission, especially, in matters of a delicate nature."

The event to which we refer was the hazing of a member of the Sophomore Class on April 12th. The facts are briefly as follows: By words and actions a certain student incurred the wrath of "YE GRABBIST, YE ARTFUL DODGER,

YE ARM-HOLDER, YE CARVIST OF WOOL, YE RIGHT LEG-HOLDER, YE ROPE KEEPER, YE MUCH INJURED JUNIOR, YE LEFT-ARM HOLDER, and YE SCISSORS PORTER," and as Cicero would say, "*Jecit quidam casus ejus caput, quasi certaminis causa, in mediam contentionem.*" One night he was taken from North College to the ball ground, there treated in a barber-ous manner, and released. This occurrence caused high class feeling. Just as time was pouring its healing balm on the feelings of offended and offenders, a thunder storm pregnant with danger, and betokening innumerable woes, loomed in the heavens; the Trustees and Faculty were to thoroughly sift the affair—were to carry it before the civil courts, and were to demand the extreme penalty of the law. Daily the muttering of the thunder became more distinct, daily the lightnings became more vivid, daily the heavens more foreboding. One Professor aided by the President bade the genial winds of justice dispel and scatter the ominous cloud of wrong and thus averted the impending doom. Here the whole matter ended.

Several ludicrous incidents when affairs looked most serious must be mentioned; as the "Ten Bells" one time were seated around a table in the parlor of the Mansion House, resting their dejected faces on their hands, and expecting public expulsion every moment, one of the number arose, thoughtfully paced the floor, then sadly laying his hand on a companion-in-misery's shoulder with a woe-be-gone expression, said: "*I do not care for myself, but I do care for my sister.*" This was too much for anybody under any circumstances. A perfect storm of laughter followed. To be brief, the culprits, though in a different manner, suffered as much as their victim. It is certain they will never again embark on such a risky enterprise, and just as certain that

“When, after years  
Of fights and fears,  
Each one this story tells,  
I'll freely bet they won't forget,  
The tale of old “*Ten Bells*.”

April 14th, the first game of a new series for the championship was played between '69 and '70. '70 won by a score of 15 to 13. A few days after '69 won the second game by two runs—score 14 to 12. 26th of June, '70 won the third and deciding game, also the championship for 1869.

April 24th, on entering the chapel, we found all the Faculty there sitting in solemn conclave. Jeems issued an amnesty proclamation pardoning all the Editors of '72's Rake, and all the suspected ones of the April 15th fire. This fire was a peculiar affair, and added one more fact to the truth long ago established, that here the innocent must suffer. On the night in question PARKER and HALSEY were “polling” with Sloan. Hearing an alarm of fire, they shut their “trans,” gave “Rocks” a rest, and walked out into the Campus. Here they witnessed the bonfire, and at the solicitation of Tom Jobs went out in town for some refreshments. All places being closed they tried to rouse the baker. One clambering up to the second story drummed merrily at the windows and sung out: “Gracious baker, be so kind as to descend and furnish us with nutriment.” PARKER tells him to come down, that he cannot wake the baker and warns him to desist lest the old fellow taking him for a burglar shoots him. The “climbist” after growling about the uncharitableness of getting shooting-iron when you ask for bread, descends and together they return to college. Tute O'Brien “spotted” them, and after a brief examination the Faculty, who doubted their veracity, suspended them. It was not until they went to Justice Mount, swore to an affidavit that they were guiltless, that they were reinstated.

This afternoon Prof. Guyot gave us an extra lecture on the “American Continent.”

May 13th unfortunately proved rainy for '69's Class Day. The cannon exercises were conducted in the chapel, and in the evening Graffula's band charmed the immense crowd of fair ones there gathered with its dulcet strains. All the exercises redounded to the honor of '69, whose members bore away with them the kindest wishes of their many, many, friends.

June 29th, Whig Hall celebrated her hundredth anniversary. A procession was formed at 10:45 in front of the Hall and moved to the First Presbyterian Church, when Prof. Henry C. Cameron read the history of the Hall, and Richard S. Field, LL.D., delivered an oration. At 2:45 the meeting adjourned to the Second Presbyterian Church, where a fine collation was served. Here toasts were offered and responded to by eminent men. Whig Centennial was a grand success.

In the evening the Junior Orators did credit to the college, gained universal praise for themselves, and reflected honor on the class.

The history of our class became in some degree interwoven with that of the scientific history of our country in connection with the eclipse observations of 1869.

Eclipses are accommodating things. As far as past records throw any light on the subject they have never "gone back" on people, and have always with the regularity of the chapel bell been up to time and prediction. Almanacs and astronomers had advertised a grand celestial shin-dig of an eclipse nature to take place on the seventh day of the August intervening between the end of our Junior and the commencement of our Senior year. The show, however, owing no doubt to a want of enterprise and the proper feeling on the part of the national Congress was a very sectional affair. Records show no attempt on the part of this honorable body to make the exhibition universal and give the whole country a view of the performance in its totality. As therefore the eclipse wouldn't

get out of its way to accomodate people, people had to get out of their way to accommodate it, on the very same principle that induced a certain individual of Asiatic history and strange religious proclivities to go to a certain mountain which wouldn't come to him. In the present case however certain members of our class may be most devoutly thankful that such was the dispensation of nature and Providence. Prof. Alexander, better known as "Stevey," was appointed by our national Congress to view the phenomena of the eclipse scientifically. He and General Halstead determined to make Iowa the place of observation. On this laudable and scientific mission which left Princeton for Ottumwa, Iowa, on the afternoon of July 29th, the Professor took with him as *assistants* our esteemed classmates, HOOPER, MOORE, and PETERS; YEISLEY joined the party at Philadelphia. In taking these young gentlemen the Doctor, it is said, on the authority of one of the class, was moved by the following considerations: PETERS was taken along to *impart* knowledge to the party, MOORE to *gain* knowledge, HOOPER to *criticise* the knowledge thus gained, while YEISLEY, 'tis said, was taken along as a complement. In reference to the last mentioned, if he was not joined to the party for the reason thus assigned, it is difficult to determine why he was, although it is said his labors were of such an exhausting nature that he did not recover his wonted energies during the whole of Senior year. The Historian will do the assistants the justice of saying that they were as a company a body of young men fully imbued and "*enthused*"\* with a love for science, free passes, eclipses, and big dinners. The disposition of the forces at the Philadelphia depot while waiting for the departure of the western train, was said to have been characteristic. MOORE was seen earnestly engaged in inquiring of the ticket-agent, during the intervals elapsing between the sale of tickets,

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\* Coined in lecture V on Political Economy.

what was the probable cost of the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad, what the number of accidents, what the probabilities of an accident on the next train, what the health of his agent, what the number of his family, what the maiden name of his wife, what the general state of his wife's and children's health, whether he or they ever had the measles, and such other questions as suggested themselves to this gentleman's naturally inquiring mind. PETERS was displaying his erudition most abundantly in instructing a group of cab-men in reference to the transits of Venus, the modes and the uses of the odolite. It is said they departed from his presence wiser and better men.

Gen. HOOPER who had been overset by the porter, while his generalship was gazing sarcastically at the rafters of the depot, was heard charmingly stigmatizing the "pussen of African 'scent" as a gentleman of brilliant whiteness of complexion, of high feeling, urbanity, and civility. YEISLEY was asleep on the telescope box. The outward journey we learn lasted about four days and a half, at the end of which time the party found themselves in Ottumwa at a hotel of original name, the "Ballingball House." While gliding through the wheat lands of Pennsylvania, the woodlands of Ohio, and the prairies of Indiana and Illinois the members of the party were much enlivened by the original and piquant remarks of PETERS, while they were enriched with the results of MOORE's investigations. The only mishap befalling the party is one in connection with a star fair and twinkling which crossed the path of the party somewhere in the Ohios and cast too warm a ray into HOOPER's heart. Entering upon the GENERAL's horizon from the neighboring car-window near which and in close proximity to which she sat, she arose in his soul a thing of beauty and a joy, but oh! not forever. Before Aurora woke she was gone. A town of Indiana claimed her and she acknowledged the claim. In the darkness and the night she had left the train

of the party, it is hoped with regret, and morning light discovered an empty seat whose crimson lining, a little the worse for bituminous, she would press ah! never more.

GENERAL dropped a tear to her memory, and his nearest friend discovered a still deeper tone of sarcasm when, on the following day, the party having stopped at a small town for refreshments, he characterized the flavor of an egg containing the incipient formations of animality, as delicious, and asked the assiduous waiter for another *with the bill*. The Historian regrets that he cannot give more of the particulars of this interesting and romantic episode; but history is thus often obliged to grieve over the poverty of the data of most important and far-reaching events.

The time of the party during their stay at Ottumwa was divided between Observatory Hill (where the Alexander Observatory had been raised), the tap-room of the hotel, and the promenades of the infant city, upon which it is said they were ever saluted by the euphonious and dignified title of "Misters Astronomers," a malicious accent however being sometimes put upon the first syllable of the last word. General Halstead is said to have placed his *Junior* force under military discipline, dividing them into guards and watches, and assigning them duties diurnal, nocturnal, infernal and otherwise. It is stated on the authority of one at the same time the most veracious and voracious of the party, that several slight difficulties occurred relating to the relieving of the night guards of the Observatory, every one being desirous of the honor of being constituted guardian of the post during the "silent watches of the night." Especially was this honor coveted by YEISLEY, who, however, was so unfortunate as to be prevented from serving in his turn by a sickness which had the peculiarity of seizing him periodically on the evening of every third day. The attentions of the party were devoted about equally to science and ladies. In the ranks of the latter MOORE's siders are said to have made sad havoc, while the series of well-directed

questions that constituted his conversation soon led their gentle natures to suppose that he took a more than friendly interest in their well-being. PETERS, 'tis said, on *various* occasions deigned to explain to the inferior understandings of the fair visitors to the Observatory, the uses, history, construction, scientific bearings and philosophical teachings of the various scientific tools, utensils and implements with which the hill abounded. HOOPER's eye we regret to say was entirely unattracted by the beauty of the Ottumwa fair, his vision being blinded to aught else by that star of the first magnitude, the fair one of the "Fort Wayne and Chicago."

The disposition of the assistant's corps on the afternoon of the eventful Saturday is said to have been most agreeable to all parties concerned. HOOPER, stationed at one of the chronometers, sings out in his clear, sharp tones the seconds as they click during the hours of gathering gloom, and on through the darkness of totality. So intent is he with the thing of earth—the measure of minutes and seconds—that he gazes not heavenward, beholds not the great sun, the measure of days and years, looks not upon the awful sublimity of its total eclipse, the gathering splendors of its brilliant corona—in other words, "sees not one bit of totality which I have come one thousand miles to behold." YEISLEY finds himself assigned to the thermometers; of the variations of these little instruments YEISLEY is said to have taken note every ten minutes, the result of which observations of such moment to science embodied in a voluminous report, may now be found on the shelves of the Smithsonian Library in Washington. To save trouble and prevent the necessity of locomotion, he kept the thermometers in his pocket and pulled them out every ten minutes or so. PETERS assumes with dignity the charge of the barometer, at the same time laying hold on two telescopes, through both of which he gazed at once in rapt attention, expatiating at the same time on the grand

achievements of science and modern civilization, of both of which he conceived his telescopes to be exponents. This gentleman is said to have seen stars during the totality, also the coat-tail of the old man in the moon, the left button of which he declares has been pulled off. He also avers that during the total eclipse most things looked green to him. On his stating this fact to the Doctor, Stevey replied that the color was entirely *subjective*.

After the eclipse MOORE was appointed a committee of one to inquire of the denizens of the village how their cows, chickens, and children behaved during the performance. Much valuable information was thus gained by the indefatigable energies of this efficient officer.

After a sojourn of two weeks the eclipse party of Princeton College and the Class of '70 bade farewell to their scientific hill and the scene of their scientific labors. Their coming had constituted an epoch in the history of that far-off western village like to that produced by the coming of the Dorians into Peloponessus, of Cæsar into Gaul, or any other classical coming you may mention. On the night of their departure several "Mary Janes," "Sallie Anns," "Lucy Amelias," "Sophronia Anns," and "Nine Apples,"\* died of a broken heart. This sad calamity might have been averted if MOORE had left his siders behind, or if PETERS had bottled up and distributed a few of his smiles before he bade adieu forever to the Ottumwa fair. We have been unable to gather any facts of historic interest that transpired on the home trip. Those that we have given have been stated with all that respect for historic veracity that so distinguished a Herodotus, and not that tone of levity, and with that disregard of truth so characteristic of a Livy. At Philadelphia the party separated to meet again beside the waters of the Rio Grande, on the plains of Texas, Anno Domini 1878, at which time it is probable another eclipse will come off if nothing occurs to prevent it.

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\**Vide*, "Lower Bridge."

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The parting of the votaries of science of the eclipse party of 1870 is said to have been affecting in the extreme, as at the New York depot HOOPER, MOORE, and PETERS started for their New Jersey homes, while YEISLEY took the express for Baltimore. The next session found them all at their accustomed places, and in the selection of their studies they showed the scientific spirit that the sight of nature's grandest phenomenon had infused into their breasts, all taking Stevey select—with the exception of the GENERAL, who, we regret to say, preferred Greek. Perhaps if he had seen the eclipse his choice would have been different. PETERS was one of the three who took notes in Astronomy and Mathematics during Senior Year, which would probably not have been the case had it not been his good fortune to have been associated with our eminent Professor in furthering the cause of science in its most elevated sphere.

# SENIOR YEAR.

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## CLASS OFFICERS.

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### FIRST SESSION.

President,  
THOMAS D. SUPLEE.  
Secretary,  
SAMUEL IRVIN.  
Treasurer,  
ALEXANDER HENRY.

### SECOND SESSION.

President,  
WILLIAM P. SCHELL.  
Secretary,  
SAMUEL IRVIN.  
Treasurer,  
WM. D. THOMAS.

### ENTERED.

J. MARION TANNER,..... Keene, Ky.  
D. J. SATTERFIELD,..... Pulaski, Pa.  
CHARLES A. REYNOLDS,..... Leaksville, N. C.

## FIRST SESSION.

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How profound is the import, how vast the significance, contained in the words SENIOR YEAR! Sweet and delicious was the atmosphere that surrounded the "verdant Freshman;" cherished in memory are the reminiscences of the rollicking Sophomore; gladly do we look back to Junior Year, and with delight ponder over its joys and gaze upon the many images conspicuous in its *smoky* haze. But what makes the contrast between the present and the preceding years so wide, what renders it so pre-eminent, so dear? The bearing, the action, and the heart of the student readily answer the question. Senior Year brings one to the realizing sense that he is *a man*. This principle actuates him and characterizes his course. Deviate he often does, yet he wanders only to return to, and be more deeply impressed by the conviction that life is a reality.

We found the College internally and externally undergoing a marked and commendable change. The spirit of liberality and enterprise met the eye at every turn. The new Observatory was fast approaching completion; closely adjoining, the Gymnasium, with its modern paraphernalia, was springing up as if by magic. Back of the Museum, Dickinson Hall, erected by the liberality of John C. Green, daily became more an object of admiration owing to its uniqueness and size. Such world-wide notoriety had Princeton gained that the chapel was enlarged to accom-

modate the throngs that came pouring in from all quarters. The same spirit was manifest outside the College. The Second Presbyterian Church with its imposing front pleasantly relieved the monotony of Nassau Street. Further down, the Episcopal Church, adorned with its Gothic towers, was nearly finished. Near by, the lands of a lady whose generosity and kindness were destined to receive encomiums of praise from all, had undergone a marvellous change. The dense forest here had disappeared; and the winding, shady walks, the delightful croquet-grounds, the charming arbors, and the picturesque beauty so tastefully presented reminded one of the appearance which imagination is apt to place around the *châteaux* of France or the manors of an English Baron.

Internally we found the same agreeable change. Early morning prayers were abolished; and an elective system of study with its immense advantages was offered to the students; Princeton seemed to have thrown aside the cloak of old fogysm and put on a mantle better fitted for the age. In choosing the elective branches, Modern Languages, then taught by Professor Comfort, were especially popular. Dr. Schanck in Applied Chemistry had the pleasure of lecturing to the whole class with five exceptions. Mathematics, Latin, and Greek were "drawn very mild;" while the History of Philosophy commanded the votes of ten, which immortal ten has been rightly styled "the little band." Every Wednesday morning the Senior Room was filled to hear the interesting lectures of Dr. Hart on English Literature.

The first object of importance in class matters which required attention, was the selection of a class photographer. Sarony sent down his circulars, while Howell, fearing we might not fully understand and appreciate his abilities, came personally and brought along the famous "See? See?" The class was about equally divided; on September 9th we voted. Sarony's agent first favored the class with an ac-

count of Sarony's perfection; Howell followed with his claims; then they withdrew and we proceeded to vote, amid the utmost confusion. The base-ball spirit of Sophomore year now burst forth with greater vehemence than ever. The chair announced a tie vote. TOM BROWN arose and said he had not voted; Sarony's adherents declared he could not, after the votes had been counted. DAVVY, parliamentary fashion, proved that he could; so TOM cast the deciding vote in favor of Howell. Shouts of "See! See!" and "Hurrah for Howell!" followed. DE WITT confidentially said to a friend, "How-*well* we did it!" He paid the penalty for this execrable pun by getting a fearful "mean."

After much contention it was agreed to take another ballot, which resulted in favor of Sarony, 35 to 39. Some days after the dissatisfied portion of the class called another meeting in the Museum and declared Sarony's election illegal. The word "row" inadequately expresses the scene that ensued. The exasperated friends of Sarony still contested the point. Innumerable motions for reconsideration brought up the question whether proxies should be allowed. Proxies were the Howell men's strong hold. In the midst of great disorder KINKEAD declared the meeting adjourned. The Howell men retired; those remaining proceeded to elect SUPLEE Class President; and when he said "All in favor of Sarony, please say 'Aye,'" an *aye* with such a force was uttered that even the manikin seemed to smile assent. We were now in a position called Syllogismus Cornutus. There were two sets of officers and two photographers chosen; what course were we to follow? Common sense happily suggested a plan, viz: to hand in a written vote to a committee chosen from both factions. This was done in TOM BROWN's room, and the vote cast gave Howell ten majority. A day or two before, SAM IRVIN telegraphed to Sarony to come down, as he was elected; down he came, but only to find that "there's many a slip between cup and lip." As committee to aid Howell, SUPLEE, KYLE, and OLI-

PHANT were appointed by the class. He erected a shanty back of East College, and here with "Rudolphe" for a "supe" and Dean as a skilful and accommodating assistant, gave universal satisfaction. (N. B.—At the time of writing this, June 14th, we have not seen the pictures.)

In October Prof. Aiken, who in August had been elected to the Presidency of Union College, left us. Our class held a meeting and decided to present to him some *souvenir* by which he might remember those who had been so long his pupils. Messrs. WHITEHILL, SHELBY and SAVAGE were appointed a committee to superintend the affair, purchase the present, etc. The last was a beautiful ebony cane, with a massive gold head, bearing on it the inscription—"Presented to Prof. Chas. A. Aiken by the Class of 1870, Oct. 9th, 1869, as a mark of esteem." Around the top was graven in large letters, "Princeton."

On the day in question (Oct. 9th), at 12 o'clock, a large audience of students and towns-people assembled in the college chapel, the faculty in their gowns sitting upon the stage. Messrs. WHITEHILL and A. JOLINE then escorted Professor Aiken to a seat, while Messrs. SHELBY and SAVAGE did the same for Mr. HENRY S. HARRIS, who had been elected by the class to make the presentation address. He then pronounced the following oration :

"*Honored Sir* :—Amid the pleasures of the last vacation the students of this college were startled by the announcement through the public press, that the Trustees of Union College had elected you to the Presidency of that celebrated institution of learning. This was received by them with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure—pleasure at the distinguished recognition of your ability, regret at the near prospect it afforded of your separation from them, and this college, the object of their deep solicitude. \* \*

Many had indulged the hope that your talents would be given to this college till the time should come when you should be laid in yonder cemetery, side by side with the

sages who have offered up their lives here for the benefit of their race, and who now sleep there, forever, their rude memorial stones calling forth the reverence of master and scholar.       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The Senior Class, who entered into connection with this college at the same time that you did, and who are about to dissolve that connection but a little after you, have thought proper to express their feelings upon this, the occasion of your departure. They have designed to embody that expression in something that shall be more enduring than words—something that shall be like our remembrance of you—as lasting as our lives. To that end, they have commissioned him who now addresses you to present this testimonial as a token of their respect and kindly feeling towards you. On it is your name and theirs and Princeton's. Of them may it prove a memorial. My delegated duty of presenting it I now perform, expressing, at the same time, at the close of an intercourse at once pleasant and profitable, our appreciation and gratitude for your instruction and kindness, and our congratulations upon the high position to which you have lately been called. In it may you prosper. May your administration there be as successful as your professorship has been here; and may the name of your college attain still greater celebrity than ever before. If your efforts are crowned with the success desired, rest assured that none will rejoice more than your friends the Class of 1870.

With the kindest remembrances of the past, the most ardent hopes for your future, in their name, I now bid you farewell, as you go forth, forever, from the time-honored walls of this venerable college."

Prof. Aiken responded in a serious and sportive vein. He said he had taken pleasure in instructing a class which had come out *PRYOR primus*. Prof. A. said that considerations of duty, not personal inclination, called him away from Princeton. The Prof. thanked the class warmly for

their testimonial, and bade them farewell with no little emotion.

Dr. McCosh then bade the Professor farewell in behalf of the Faculty and College. He felt assured that he could attribute to them the same feelings that the orator of the Senior class had expressed in behalf of his classmates. Many of the recent successful changes in the college curriculum, he said, were due to Prof. Aiken. All would miss him. The faculty, he said, would miss his clearness and sagacity, his scholarship and counsel. They expected to secure as able a successor, but the difficulty of finding him must needs be very great.

To this Prof. Aiken replied gracefully and feelingly. The exercises then concluded, having lasted about an hour. As the class passed out each one took him by the hand and bade him farewell.

In Freshman Year '70 could boast of no quartette; the musical talents of the class were mostly displayed in singing those time-honored songs in which noise and numbers are the only requisites for a success. In Sophomore Year A. KELLY, W. MILLER, JOHNSTON and Spear formed the '70 Amateur Quartette; they practised in MILLER's room, at Carpenter's, those entrancing songs which were destined in future years in the late hours of night to lull to sleep the beauty of Princeton. In Junior Year the quartette was reorganized, IRVIN taking the place of Spear, and it became established more firmly as a permanent organization. Serenaded during this term for the first time; went to Rocky Hill with the "Männerchor" and sang the "Waltz" from the "Arion" with great effect. J. JOLINE in the latter part of the year filled MILLER's place, and TOM BROWN also joined, changing the quartette for a time into a quintette. BROWN soon left, owing to a chronic fit of laziness and a disinclination to practise; Van Rensselaer was added. On J. O. night they serenaded for the benefit of strangers; were also invited to the supper of the Class of '59, where

they sang several pieces and were pledged in a glass of champagne. From this time their harmonious strains became so charming that while, unlike Orpheus, they did not move the trees, they nevertheless were warmly applauded and drew innumerable bouquets from many windows. While the Historian could recount many of their adventures, he must be content to truthfully narrate the closing serenade of the session, although the time and place they sang "Would I were with Thee," richly deserves mention.

On the evening of the 26th of October, JOHNSTON, SAM IRVIN, J. JOLINE and Van Rensselaer left JOHNSTON'S room for a midnight serenade. Dr. McCosh was regaled with the "Laugh of a Child." Further up Nassau Street their melodious chords brought lights to, and a big pound-cake out of, a window. Their voices being in excellent tune and their feelings most buoyant, they concluded to favor Mrs. John R. Thomson with the "Evening Bells." Entering the tastefully arranged and spacious grounds, they stationed themselves under the deep bay-windows of this beautiful mansion. As cats hate rats, so dogs hate cats and *kittens* also, as was here well shown. For no sooner had the last soothing strains of the serenaders died away on the midnight air than old "Shanty," a dog of uncomfortably large proportions and savage appearance, rousing himself from his seeming lethargy, with a fierce growl and a tremendous leap dropped right among "Ye '70 Quartette." "Then there was hurrying to and fro;" two ran across the back lawn and scaling the picket fence reached Mercer St. more dead than alive. KIT JOHNSTON and TOM MASON made for the front gate; these gentlemen were attired in breeches of spotless white; as luck would have it the fence and gate had been recently painted. KIT tripped on the chain and came square against it; TOM followed; KIT says TOM said something like "D—n that dog!" Quick to rise, they reached the sidewalk and were safe. Inspection follows: KIT, with a look of profound disgust, glancing at his spot-

ted breeches and then at "Shanty"—who, jumping, howling, and barking, seemed to enjoy the fun—exclaimed: "*Blast that dog!*" With Mason, words were inadequate for the occasion; viewing his spoiled corduroys, he "hove a sigh" and muttered "Alas! my trowsers!" Passing down Nassau Street they meet the remainder of the party; each has a funny story to tell, and all enjoy a hearty laugh. Coming through the campus near two o'clock and seeing a light in Tute O'Brien's room, they treat him to that very appropriate song, "Say, Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?" then quickly dispersed to drown their cares and joys in sleep.

The necessity of drawing for divisions for Chapel stage speaking and of taking action on other matters, brought the class together on September 18th. Dr. McIlvaine had previously informed us that our speeches must be handed in two weeks before speaking; that the writing must be legible; that he expected a great deal from the class, and limited the number of words to 850. All speeches containing more, he said, would be rejected. The first division spoke October 30. Meeting in the east end of North College, when the bell ceased ringing they marched into chapel wearing the customary flowing gowns. The Seventh Regiment band furnished music for the occasion. The chapel was crowded with ladies and students, and the division came off with flying colors. The remaining divisions spoke the following Saturdays. Dr. McCosh rendered these exercises particularly interesting by his quaint "intimations." Nearly all the class rowled and all were happy, especially when they had finished. All expected to hear a glowing account of "Life in the Adirondacks" from WALLIE MILLER, as his subject read "Life in the Woods." He edified us with a masterly production on "Life in Words." Graffulla's Seventh Regiment Band, the Trenton Band, and the College Quartette, were at various times secured. The Fourth Division preferred a hot supper to

music. The night after the speaking, we are told, they did justice to a well spread table at the "Sepoy."

One of the best sells of the season was that connected with the Strawberry Festival in Guyot's potato-patch. It is a current report that Revolutionary soldiers knew there was to be hot work whenever "Old Put" prayed; so every student knew that something was "up" as often as WILLIS, TOM PROVOST, and JACK SAVAGE were seen together. One day SAVAGE goes to W. GUMMERE, J. JOLINE, PARKER, Young, and Shotwell, and imparts the pleasant news that there is afine strawberry patch back of Prof. Guyot's house; that the strawberries are ready to pick; that if they will keep quiet he (SAVAGE) will pilot them to the ground where they can bag a bushel or so. This proposition was received with joy, and chuckling over a chance to bore "Rocks," they go to their rooms, disguise themselves, and start with pilot JACK about eleven o'clock. WILLIS and PROVOST well armed, stationed by the side of a fence near the "patch" and choking with suppressed laughter at the prospect of the forth-coming scene, calmly await the approach of the thieves. A little after eleven they hear a noise, and tumbling over the high fence comes SAVAGE, followed by his hungry band. JACK says, "Follow me," and leads them up the walk to an immense potato-bed. The night was very dark, and GUMMERE, feeling among the potato-vines, ejaculates "Thunder! what large strawberry-vines! what whoppers the berries must be!" JACK enjoins silence. All of a sudden two forms jump upon the fence and in clarion tones are heard the awful words: "Ah! ye pilfering thieves. I have you at last! move from your tracks and I shoot you!" A bomb-shell dropping in their midst could not have caused greater consternation. GUMMERE with a howl leaped near ten feet and flew toward the lower fence; the rest followed. Crack goes PROVOST's pistol and JACK with a well-feigned groan falls to the ground and screams, "I'm shot! I'm shot! save

me!" There was no one to lend a helping hand; the pilferers had but one idea,—that idea was, escape. We have been told that there was a lively getting out of the garden; that, afraid to return to college, our friends ran down the plank sidewalk near the dummy, scampered across fields, and hid in the Seminary; and that not until near morning did they dare enter the Campus. At any rate the sell was a success, the fright lasting, and neither Guyot nor his strawberries were ever again visited.

October 18th, the Senior Clio Eating Club played the "out-post" and were beaten; special mention should be made of Gen. HOOPER's fine catching behind the bat and playing short-stop. GUERNSEY immortalized himself by his vain attempts to catch "flies," and keep his glasses on his nose at the same time.

October 27th, Prof. Schank took the class down to the gas-works and explained the *modus operandi*. This noon '70 played '72 for the championship and won. '71 next challenged '70; a match-game was played on the 25th, and victory again perched on '70's standard.

The following note was handed the Historian on October 27th by Professor Shields:

"*Mr. Historian—*

"DEAR SIR:—Please find room in your history to record the wonderful event that '*the JUDGE*' *was awake through my entire lecture.*

CHARLES W. SHIELDS."

Foot-ball this session became the most popular and exciting game. Twenty-five selected from '70 played a like number from '71, and were beaten four straight games. Then twenty-five of the best players in college were sent up to Brunswick to combat with the Rutgers boys. Their peculiar way of playing this game proved to Princeton an insurmountable difficulty; though BILLY BUCK shouted and yelled, though W. GUMMERE kicked and cheered, though Big Mike bravely rushed to the encounter, and, like

Achilles at Troy, swept everything before him, though the rushes were fierce and determined, and though Nassau was game to the last, the setting sun saw Princeton worsted, and Brunswick wild with joy. Two weeks later Rutgers sent down the same twenty-five, and on the Princeton grounds, November 13th, Nassau played *her* game; the result was joyous, and entirely obliterated the stigma of the previous defeat. The boys from Brunswick carried home the news that they had been beaten eight straight games and won none. While here they partook of a bountiful supper at the Nassau Hotel. Though fortune this time was unpropitious, they said good-bye in capital spirits, and gave Princeton three hearty cheers as the dummy bore them to their Alma Mater.

November 11th, we held a meeting in the Sophomore room to elect class officers. It is memorable for the intense excitement manifested. Never before or after was there displayed such deep interest. Some of course were disappointed, yet all heartily joined in making the election of the fortunate ones unanimous. The following gentlemen were elected:

Class Orator,	-	-	-	THOMAS B. BROWN,
Class Poet,	-	-	-	THOMAS D. SUPLEE,
Library Orator,	-	-	-	WM. B. GLEN,
Ivy Orator,	-	-	-	MARK R. SOOY,*
Presentation Orator,	-	-		HENRY S. HARRIS,
Editors of the Herald—CHARLES H. MOORE, ROBERT G. WILLIAMS, JOHN L. COOPER, S. D. CULBERTSON.				

Class Day Committee—GEORGE W. SAVAGE, JOHN F. JOLINE, WILLIAM SPENCER, WILLIAM H. F. BUCK, SAMUEL IRVIN, W. S. GUMMERE, LEVI T. HANUM.

Committee on Presents—HENRY S. HARRIS.

A few days later the class authorized the Presentation Orator to procure and present suitable presents to those

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\* Sooy leaving before commencement, THOMAS SWENK, Jr., was unanimously chosen to fill his place.

members who should be chosen to best represent the class in the following particulars :

Mean Grin Man,  
Laziest Man,  
Best Moustache,  
Wickedest Man,  
Noggiest Man,  
Least Inquisitive Man,  
Man with the Smallest Foot,  
The Infant,  
The Best Gymnast.

Voting on this important matter was strictly private. The result will not be known until Class-Day. May the announcement then bring joy and happiness to the fortunate recipients of these honors !

November 27th, had a first-class dance in a barrack room of West College. GUERNSEY and SAVAGE, masters of ceremonies. Mose and his band furnished music—very jolly time. Next session propose to have them weekly. Good !

December, like the preceding months, had its excitements and monotonies. One evening a report—how it originated we never knew—came to college, that the Juniors intended to haze some member of '70 or '72. A little later, JOHNNIE CALDWELL rushed into WHITEHILL'S room with the startling announcement that "they we after PRYOR!" The gentleman from Nevada seizing a big *mining* pistol, started for Jane Comfort's, where THEODORIC roomed ; there found our worthy classmate perfectly serene and no sign of hazers. He also learned that the rumor was groundless. It is not class pride that induces the writer to say that it was extremely fortunate that the matter ended in a hoax ; those acquainted with the Judge's nature, well know that the way of the transgressors would have been hard had they fallen into the hands of the gentleman named.

At another time while CALDWELL and PRYOR were walking down the street, a snob used an insulting remark; PRYOR demanded an apology, snob refused. So PRYOR said, "Take that, with my compliments!" and gave him a blow between the eyes, straight from the shoulder, that colored Mr. Snob's eyes with all the variegated hues of the rainbow. Mayor Stonaker chancing along, prevented the furious Virginian from inflicting further punishment.

In Dr. Shields' lecture, on the evening of the 8th of December, a paper was passed around, requesting the members of the class to sign their names thereto and cut Josh in Rhetoric at eleven. Nearly every one signed the document, and felt that for once, justice and right were on their side. When the eleven o'clock bell rang, Josh marched up to the Senior room, followed by the non-signists. Soon the whole class went in, HOOPER afterward in behalf of the class, asked Dr. McIlvaine to excuse us and to indefinitely postpone DAY. Josh replied that this was beyond his power and at once commenced calling upon individuals to recite. Fresh Year with its terrible racket was again enacted; all, with few exceptions, "stumped;" all yelled, stamped, and sang. "Yankee Doodle," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" were given with great effect. Josh calmly surveyed the noisy, turbulent mass before him, and with energy shouted: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, you will suffer for this!" This announcement only added fuel to the fire. Such a terrible din was raised that the poor Sophs in the room below, and Fresh close by, leaving their quarters, hurried to the scene of confusion. Josh went down the roll, then said, "Go!" we "*got*." Afterwards the Faculty ascertained the names fixed to the paper, and summoned them individually. Tute Turner a week before the term closed drew twenty names from the lottery, and Tute Dally, with a smile, put three disorder marks opposite the lucky names in the sessional grade.

## SECOND SESSION.

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“Steve, dear fellow, do you realize we are soon to part; that only a few short weeks of our college course remain?” said WALLY MILLER to STEVE WILLIAMS near the opening of the session. “Yes, WALLY,” was the reply. “It is a sad reality. Old Princeton seems doubly pleasant, and classmates doubly dear, as we near the time of separation.” This sentiment was universally entertained. Life, it is said, is a succession of farewells. In this respect, Senior Year is not unlike life. You are just reminded of this fact when you graduate from Hall; then come the formal “Good-bye’s” and “May God bless you’s” in the autograph books; soon the partings from Professors and the famous old recitation-rooms where we have gathered wisdom; “Final” follows with a few days of leisure; then class-day and Commencement; and lastly, saddest of all, comes the time, when, with aching hearts, and tremulous voices, we say farewell, to those dear friends whom we may never meet again. To dwell upon this theme is painful; we will avoid it until it becomes a necessity, and now retire to our channel and chronicle the last acts of the last few months of ’70’s collegiate career.

The new gymnasium, which Robert Bonner and H. G.

Marquand so generously erected, was dedicated January 13th. Built of gray stone, and in the most elaborate and improved style, it favorably impresses the stranger as he enters Princeton. Rain ushered in the opening day, yet the elements did not prevent a number of students from returning from vacation, and strangers from attending the exercises. In the forenoon, Dr. Parker delivered a fine address in the Church, followed by speeches from Drs. McCosh and Maclean. In the afternoon, D. R. SESSIONS spoke on "The Importance of Physical Development to Mental Culture;" his efforts were warmly applauded. Bonner and Marquand replied briefly afterwards, and were enthusiastically cheered. The Dedication was a success in every sense of the word. The Gymnasium was entrusted to the care of Professor Goldie, acknowledged to be second to none in gymnastic exercises, as a teacher in this art. The hardy frames, the well-knit sinews, and the abundance of muscle in college, were the result of training under this excellent instructor.

The Christmas holidays were a repetition of previous vacations spent here. Christmas evening, in particular, was big with events. CROCKETT, CALDWELL, WILLIS, and company proposed to celebrate the occasion, and were strenuous in their efforts to have the egg-nogg of a superior nature. It was at least exhilarating. There were the usual number of songs, toasts, and jokes; and when WILLIS said, "Let's go out and have some Christmas Carols," DAVY, to whom the word at that moment conveyed a peculiar meaning, desiring if there was to be anything to eat to contribute his mite, rubbed his eyes and said, "Christmas Carols, eh? Yes, I've seen them at the Eagle Hotel. Little round crackers, ain't they? you eat them with oysters. All right, I'll come in fifty cents towards a few pounds." DAVY became fearfully bored, and muttered: "If my money is not as good as yours, you needn't take it!" This increased the merriment. When

DAVY consulted Webster, and found that Carols were not eatables, he drowned his chagrin in a brimming goblet. Sometime later all the "Hupoleipsians" met in GENERAL COOPER'S room to listen to the poetical effusions, and oratorical efforts of our friend, "Bull Smith." Stretched on the floor, or seated in the windows, fifty or less drank in the glowing addresses of the poet. Smith "tore," if the rapturous applause which followed is a true index of appreciation.

In February, after much contest and many ballots, GUERNSEY was elected at the Senior Table at the Sepoy. His discerning mind fully comprehended the honor conferred upon him. Accordingly, he gave a "spread" and invited the members of his table with a few Seniors from the back room. The ale used on this occasion, was the best in market, his segars "O. K.," and the evening passed most pleasantly. Cards were freely manipulated, and GIG, being called upon for a speech, mounted the table, thanked them for the "the honor conferred" and assured his friends that "he would ever aim to maintain his reputation as the champion eatist of the college."

All classes assisted, on the night of the 16th, in laying a temporary pavement to the Gymnasium; the material used was Josh's fence.

Professors Karge and Packard, were added this session to the college Faculty, the latter near the end of the year. Karge is undeniably a *working* Professor. His German and French classes say he shouts in army style, "Who has a horse!" and nudges one under the ribs if he is slow in answering; that he dwells at length on the "*licentiousness* (license) of the poets" in his lectures; and that his wit is surpassed only by his gentlemanly deportment and affable disposition. Says Karge to STEVE WILLIAMS one time:

"*Que plantez-vous ?*

WILLIAMS: *Je plante une ane !*”\*

*Chene* was the word; slight mistake.

All previous attempts to give STEVE the “mean” in Philosophical Hall had utterly failed; but now he succumbed to the hideous yell of “How are you, *planter* !” Steve tried to look composed; he could not. Karge threw up his arms and joined in the general laughter. Poor STEPHANOS, with a scarlet complexion, changed his seat nearer the window, turned his back to the class, and throughout the recitation gazed intently on the agricultural improvements presented in Dr. McCosh’s garden.

On the 18th, a large number of the class met in 7 West, to organize a Class Sociable. Refreshments were furnished, and there arose, after refreshing the inner man, a spirited debate. One discussion in particular abounded in mirth. E. MOORE and BROWN not agreeing as to what constituted a quorum, one saying it was a majority of those present, MOORE moved that BROWN’s vote, on all occasions, be “expunged” or “struck out.” BROWN, in opposition, moved that “E” be removed from the room, and that he be deprived the pleasure of even gazing upon the dancers. The result might have been serious, had not BIG INJUN proposed the following toast, which, by the way, he gave out at intervals every five minutes: “Gentlemen, allow me to propose the regular toast of the evening, ‘The day we celebrate!’” A constitution was finally drawn up, and by-laws agreed upon. SAVAGE was elected President of the Sociable, GUERNSEY floor-manager and general director. They met several times at Cook’s Hall, and engaged good music, danced until near twelve; all unite in saying that these meetings will not soon be lost to memory.

Our duty would be imperfectly done were we to omit mention of the pleasures experienced, the knowledge acquired, the “mean grin” sallies, and the remaining pecu-

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\* Translated for the sake of those who were conditioned. “What do you plant?” “I plant an ass!”

liarities always accompanying a lecture in Acoustics, Electricity, Hydrostatics, or Astronomy. What a host of recollections will always be associated with Philosophical Hall! Lectures in this never-to-be-forgotten room, admit of four parts or acts, each separate and complete in itself. It always took twenty minutes for a respectable portion of the class, after the bell rang, to reach the room. Unusually the stairs were lined with students anxious to know if Stevey "was calling the roll;" if not, they tarry yet a little longer outside. At the expiration of that time, having finished a segar, knocked the ashes out of a pipe, or concluded some weighty argument, squads of three, four, and six, would leisurely stalk into the room and "cover their numbers." Once Stevey called the roll at precisely four minutes after eleven. NED DAVIS said that he counted forty-seven waiting after lecture to have their names "taken off;" from which we infer that NED himself, for *once* was late. At eleven and a half the "mean grin" epidemic prevails. A gentle sound, like a morning zephyr, touching the strings of an Æolian harp, is heard; gradually it gains force and unison; from a mild "Sh! Sh!" the waves of rarefaction and condensation roll more widely and end in a loud "Sch! Sche!!-SCHELL!!!" HANNUM insists that BILLY has the "means;" but he is proof against them, and presents a dignified appearance. BILL GLEN then cuffs little "John" and DE WITT brings his paw down with a terrible shock on KLINE's head. BUCK punches RENDALL in the ribs and shouts "Cheese that!" to one who is stealing out of the room. Stevey's anger rises; he says: "Do you care more for such buffoonery than you do to understand the internal complications and various uses of the steam engine? A repetition of such conduct, and I'll send you all from the room!"

Quiet is restored. KINKEAD, seeing HARRIS peaceably entering the room, yells "HARRIS!" HARRIS gets to his seat *very* lively, and yells "HANNUM!" "DIPSIE" gets a

little red, tries not to be bored, can't help it; he hides his face, he has the "MEANS." SHAW cracks McCULLOUGH over the head with a syllabus just as Steve says, "Water always seeks its level!" and "Knowledge is human nature applied." Near twelve o'clock the benches are filled, Stevey closes his lecture with a really wonderful exposition of the Nebular Hypothesis, then looks over the roll, and dismisses us with "Gentlemen, next Friday at nine we meet again!" GUERNSEY, on final, showed how he had applied his attention to Hydrostatics, by saying that unequal columns of water balanced each other on account of the "*virtue in philosophy*."\*

Stevy grinned, and told him he had made a grand discovery in the region of science. NISSLEY will take the Astronomical Oration from his fine elucidation of the proof of the earth's rotation around the sun. It was owing, he said, to "the mutual admiration of light!"†

Another startling discovery. We proposed to lengthen this true account, but Nigger Mose is outside our room just now singing: "Great guns! hit 'im on de jay-bird's wing!" We give up duty for pleasure. "Music has charms," etc.

Indeed about this time the recitations were remarkably brilliant. The class seemed to think that the last spark always burns the brightest; so endeavored to dazzle classmates and professors with scintillations of genius. IMBRIE exemplifies "Be virtuous, and you will be happy" to the delight and admiration of the class. Josh said "It was very good as far as it went, but it had no special reference to his question of 'what should be the relation of the speaker to his audience.'" Another defined an egg as "An ovoidal coagulation of albuminous matter and gal-laceous vitality;" another, dancing as a sublimated kind of perambulatory locomotion.

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\* Virtual velocity.

† Minute aberration of light.

DOUGHERTY imposed on Dr. McCosh's good nature by sleeping through his lecture. Jeems requested little JOHN to remain and then informed him that "he knew nothing and didn't care to know anything!" JOHN, with meek humility, withdrew, and the next Sunday slept more soundly than ever. In Greek, after PIERCE *as usual* had "rowled" on the pronunciation, Cam. requested us to applaud with our other understandings and imitate, not stamp, a good recitation. A. HENRY studied for a Bible prize; he will probably take it if he passes as good an examination as he did recitation. When McCosh said, "What do you understand by 'Whited wall'?" HENRY replied, "A white-headed man, of course!" "Oh, no!" exclaimed Jeems, "the gentleman knows better! he's only a little confused. I insist upon the class preserving order! A whited wall means a 'whited sepulchre'!"

March 3d, Guyot looked over '70's roll for the last time. We called on him for a speech and he, saying, "Gentlemen, I am about to begin my speech," delivered a lecture on the Glaciers of Switzerland. The following Saturday, at the request of the class, he delivered a lecture on the First Chapter of Genesis to a thankful assembly.

March 14th, the class said, "*vale* forever!" to Greek, Professor Cameron met us this morning; he did not call the roll. Being called upon for a farewell speech, he arose and made some touching remarks. He begged us to regard him not as a Professor, but as a *warm personal friend*. He alluded to his delightful intercourse with the class, which had never been marred in the slightest respect; and said, if we met no more on earth he trusted and prayed that we might all meet around the Throne of God. Here his voice failed him, and covering his face with his hands, he sat down weeping. In the evening a large number of students went to Dr. Duffield's, who was giving a party, called out Cameron; who, thanking them for the token of their esteem, bade them good-night, and retired.

March 15th he started for Europe. The Faculty had chapel five minutes late, to allow the students to see him off at the depot. A very large number there assembled. Cam. was heartily cheered, the rocket "St—boom—ah!" was given with more than usual vim, and he, with a sincere "God bless you," disappeared in the dummy; and is now, we presume, either collecting curiosities at Athens or studying Homer on the plains of Troy. Our first and last successful "cut" happened this morning. After chapel, going to Dr. Atwater's room, we found him absent, "let's cut!" said several; "cut" we *all* did; and though, some time after, the Doctor entered the room, and though he could be distinctly seen seated behind his desk, and though many thought it would be advisable to "go in," be it known *for once* that this "cut" did not end in a fizzle. At the eleven o'clock lecture Dr. Atwater pleasantly referred to his lateness, apologized, and said that there would never again be a chance for "cutting" him. He spoke the truth.

During this session a deep interest in religion took possession of the college, and lighter matters were for a time put by to give place to weightier and more important themes. The feeling spread widely, and few were the souls who were not touched by the blessed influence of the Spirit. Prayer-meetings were crowded, the Philadelphian Society was compelled to hold its sessions in the college chapel, classes assembled in private rooms, and earnest supplications were continually offered up to the Throne of Grace in behalf of all those erring and deceived. Our class was accustomed to meet in BAILEY KELLY's room; on Sunday evenings, with SPENCER at No. 5 North. On the day of prayer for Colleges, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler made a powerful address to the students; he also visited us on a subsequent occasion. Dr. McIlvaine and other members of the Faculty spoke frequently. As impressions grew deeper the feeling increased, and soon many who had scoffed at

the truth and avowed themselves infidels, saw the folly of their course and became humble, hopeful Christians. We are glad to say that this "Revival" did not assume a gloomy or depressing character; the prevailing spirit was a cheerful and joyous one. There was none of the fanatical excitement which often visits men during events of such a nature. Those who had been previously pious were gladdened in their hearts; those recently convinced were happy in their new-found treasure; many who once were careless, seeing the peace and joy of believers, were urged to find rest where rest only can be obtained. During the short session, Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis, preached most eloquently in the chapel, powerfully moving all who heard him. Dr. Shields closed a series of beautiful sermons by one in which he fairly surpassed even his previous efforts. We cannot but be deeply thankful that these things occurred to brighten the close of our course; for as we part how many of us are cheered by the thought that though our earthly ties are severed, some of us will surely meet in Heaven!

The short vacation of two weeks, at the close of April, was variously improved, some going home, the rest remaining in town. We all confidently expected three or four weeks, like other classes, for rest. This fond hope was not to be realized. Our finals were to commence June 6th, and after this lectures were to continue till near Commencement. It is not in our province to speak of this new regulation. We can only say that the disappointment was bitter, and that there was truth in the remark made by one of the class, "that from Freshman Year the Faculty had placed many a burden upon and required many an unknown duty of a class which, when weighed, was never found wanting." However, there is no need of piling regrets on the past, or of killing a horse because he is good. It is our sincere hope that future classes may be more fortunate in this respect.

Tuesday, May 3d, a large number of students went down to Kellogg's Concert, at Trenton. After the performance was over, the party adjourned to the Eureka Billiard Rooms, to witness a match game for the Championship between BUCK and IRVIN. The game was played on a carom table, 500 points up. After a very close and exciting contest, SAM IRVIN won by 17 points. In spite of the rain, the Nassau Quartette, attended by numerous admirers, serenaded the beauties of Trenton. For further particulars the Historian would respectfully refer the inquirer to TOM BROWN, who was "there."

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On Sunday, May 15, Pillow, of the Junior Class, died very suddenly of heart-disease. The event produced great gloom throughout college. On Monday, at 11:15 o'clock, the students assembled in the chapel, to hold funeral services. After the singing of the hymn, Dr. McCosh read part of the 15th chapter of I Corinthians, and then addressed the assembly in a very impressive manner. He spoke of the certainty of death which hangs over us all; of the Saviour, by whom alone we can be saved; of the feelings which this event ought to arouse in us. He alluded to the deceased as a young man, highly esteemed by all, Faculty and students, and to the universal sorrow caused by his removal from the midst of us. After the beautiful hymn, "I would not live alway" had been sung, a procession was formed, in regular order, and the remains were escorted to the depot. Thence, attended by a delegation from the Junior Class, they were carried to the former home of the deceased, near Pittsburg, Pa. This death following at comparatively so brief an interval that of Boyle and Marr, (who, in the winter vacation, met a sad fate at Milton, Pa.) made a deep impression upon all. Such mortality in college is very unusual. It is seldom that students are called upon to mourn a dear friend and associate, while they are within the walls of their Alma Mater. But three occur-

rences of this character left many a heart sad and many a vacant place in the affections of those who had known and loved the departed when they were with us in all their youthful vigor.

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And now the lovely month of June was before us; that month in which Princeton is robed in nature's fairest dress; that month in which the dense foliage renders the campus one grand arbor, from which the gray old college buildings stand forth in majesty; that month in which the students gather nightly on the benches and gaily sing their college glees;—a month in which joy, mirth, and sadness, are promiscuously blended. Its first day witnessed a parting. Dr. McIlvaine then met us in Rhetoric. THOMAS closed his career in the recitation-room by "stumping." Class called for the customary speech. Dr. McIlvaine, removing his glasses, shut the book, and nervously twisting the roll of '70 in his hand, addressed us in the most affecting manner. He told us his connection with Nassau Hall ceased with our class; and now, as we were about to part, he could not impress us too deeply with the wisdom of doing right, and the folly of doing wrong. The class listened with the deepest attention; and when he finished there were no shouts, no "rockets," no stamping, no noisy demonstrations of joy; but each member quietly and sadly picked up his book and hat and most respectfully left the Professor alone to commune with his thoughts.

June 6th, Finals commenced in earnest. In Political Economy, KLINE outdid himself. Being asked by Dr. Atwater "Why one should love and speak the truth," he replied "Because it is *policy*!" "What!" roared the Doctor, "do you mean to say a man ought to be governed by such a motive as *that*, sir?" Chemistry proved ugly. Cook, in Oral, said he was "color-blind;" so could not tell the color of Iodine. This flimsy excuse did not raise his grade. In Written a scene, sad in more senses than one,

occurred. IMBRIE, a short time after entering the room, was seized with vertigo, and on leaving, fainted and fell. Dr. Schanck immediately left his seat, and, aided by those on the back bench, removed him to the open air, where he at once recovered. We have been told that those left in the room made the most of this sad event. By exchanging "chenannigagging" papers, asking what H 2 S was, what was the symbol for Muriatic Acid, and by hiding skinning papers in convenient pockets; three or four were thus enabled to hand in pretty good papers, who, otherwise, would have been under the painful necessity of "stumping"

Speaking of "stumping" reminds us that THOMAS was the last person to perform this interesting act; REYNOLDS was the last to make a recitation, which he did in German on Friday, the 3d of June.

On Saturday, June 18th, the Gymnasium was densely crowded to witness the grand Gymnastic Contest. Dr. McCosh opened the exercises by speaking in terms of praise of the lady who had assisted the College in so many benevolent ways; and he would, undoubtedly, have "intimated" more, were it not that the lady was before him.

The Contestants were received with violent applause, while their manœuvres and feats were of the most praiseworthy nature. The New York judges conferred the first prize on CALDWELL; the second prize on KELLY, and the third prize on PARKER. Mrs. John R. Thomson addressing them, congratulated them on their gracefulness and agility. She then presented CALDWELL with a massive *gold ring* of exquisite workmanship; then gave suitable presents to the others, with the hope that these presents might be preludes to future success. Cheers of the most enthusiastic nature followed.

It was our hope to close with a lengthy account of Class Day. Owing to several reasons, that will be an impossibility. It would be an easy matter to raise the curtain that shrouds the future, and see '70 making her last bow,

wreathed with honor. The Historian's tale is nearly told, it only remains for him to say that sad, sad word, farewell, to friends, companions, and class-mates. Soon we will be scattered to the "four winds of Heaven." May honor and truth be our "guiding stars!" May a kind Providence aid and sustain us through the fierce battle of life! And "dear old Princeton," with its classic shades richly deserves a word at parting.

    "Still be that name a watch-word and a charm,  
    Our arms to strengthen, and our hearts to warm!  
Like soldiers 'neath the flag they love, unfurled,  
Fighting, victorious through a doubting world.

True as the sons of her whose fame we share,  
True in the thoughts and purposes we bear,  
Grappling with giant error for the right,  
Through all its secret caverns pouring light.

To every duty, constant as the sun,  
Reposing only when that duty's done,  
Eternal laurels then our meed shall be,  
And glory crown the "*Class of Seventy*."

# CLASS STATISTICS.

The Historian cannot thank A. H. JOLINE and F. A. WARD too kindly for the kind, willing and material aid they have rendered him in preparing the following statistics.

# STATISTICS.

The class has comprised in all 115 men. By the Freshman Catalogues it numbered 52. During the year 12 left, 41 entered in Sophomore year, and by the Sophomore Catalogue it numbered 81, 8 left and 13 entered before the issue of the Junior Catalogue. Since then 9 have left and 9 entered, making our number in the Senior Catalogue 86.

The Catalogues show the following territorial divisions—

	Freshman.	Soph.	Junior.	Senior.
New Jersey,	15	33	28	27
Pennsylvania,	13	17	18	21
New York,	5	6	8	6
District of Columbia,	5	4	5	4
Maryland,	1	5	6	6
Tennessee,	1	3	3	3
North Carolina,	1	2	3	4
Kentucky,	1	1	2	3
New Hampshire,	1	1	1	1
Michigan,	1	1	1	1
Wisconsin,	1	1	1	1
Texas,	1	1	1	1
Delaware,	1	1	1	0
Illinois,	2	1	0	0
South Carolina,	0	0	1	1
Indiana,	0	0	1	1
Nevada,	0	0	1	1
Scotland,	1	1	1	1
Wales,	1	1	1	1
Ireland,	0	1	1	1
India,	0	1	2	2
	52	81	86	86

The average age of the Class on Class Day will be 21 years 11 months and 7 days. And therefore the class birthday was Thursday July 20th, 1848. Our oldest man (H. R. W.) is 30 years and 3 mo. Our youngest (J. E. S.) 18 years and 3 months.

The ages on Class Day by half years, will be as follows—

1 aged 18, 2 aged 18½, 4 aged 19, 9 aged 19½, 10 aged 20, 7 aged 20½, 11 aged 21, 8 aged 21½, 7 aged 22, 5 aged 22½, 5 aged 23, 1 aged 23½, 4 aged 24, 2 aged 24½, 3 aged 25, 3 aged 25½, 2 aged 26, 1 aged 26½, 1 aged 30.

					Yrs.	Mos.	Days.
Aggregate age of those born in '40,					30	3	1
"	"	"	"	'43,	26	10	10
"	"	"	"	'44,	139	0	5
"	"	"	"	'45,	125	7	21
"	"	"	"	'46,	120	1	11
"	"	"	"	'47,	207	3	5
"	"	"	"	'48,	308	7	19
"	"	"	"	'49,	401	6	6
"	"	"	"	'50,	400	6	11
"	"	"	"	'51,	113	9	17
Aggregate age of Class					1864	7	16

1 born in 1840,	9 born in January,
1 " 1843,	9 " February,
5 " 1844,	8 " March,
5 " 1845,	12 " April,*
5 " 1846	3 " May,
9 " 1847	6 " June,
14 " 1848	7 " July,
20 " 1849	8 " August,
20 " 1850	4 " September,
5 " 1851	10 " October,
1 " 1852	4 " November,
86	6 " December,

\*Favored month.

86

Born on Sunday, 14; Monday, 17; Tuesday, 15; Wednesday, 8; Thursday, 12; Friday, 5; Saturday, 15.

Favored day, Monday. Favored hour, probably *sun-rise*.

Our tallest man, (M. J. D.), is 6 feet 2 inches in height; our shortest. (E. P. H.) 5 feet,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Total length of the class, 495 feet,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Average height, 5 feet, 9 inches.

CAPILLARY.—Moustaches, 19; Moustache and chin, 6; Moustache and sides, 4; Sides, 12; Chin, 1; Full Beard, 1; Smooth, 43; of which number, 10 have no hopes; City Moustache, 1; Democratic Moustache, 1; Honeymoon sides, 1; Good-for-nothing Moustache (from Pennsylvania), 1.

MATRIMONIAL.—Engaged, 10; "Slightly tender," 30; Prospecting, 25; "No present intentions," 21.

"Never known to refuse sodas or oysters."—86.

"Been perfectly comfortable,"—86.

"Never cut Sundays Schools when little boys,"—85.

"No of little George Washingtons who "couldn't tell a lie,"—86.

"Handsome as well as intellectual,"—86.

"Never tampered with a young ladies' affections,"—85.

Author, 1—(published 2 books).

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.—Presbyterians, 61; Episcopalians, 15; Baptists, 3; Methodists, 4; Swedenborgian, 1; Friend, 1; Progressionist, 1.

NAMES (CHRISTIAN).—Williams, 9; Johns, 9; Charles, 8; Thomases, 6; Georges, 6; James, 4; Samuel, 3; Davids, 4; Josephs, 3; Roberts, 2; Henrys, 2; Edmunds, 2; Edwards, 2; Franks, 2; Miscellaneous, 24.

## OCCUPATIONS CHOSEN.

Law, 36; Theology, 23; Medicine, 4; Teaching, 1; Journalism, 1; Architecture, 1; Business, 8; Undecided, 12.

Of the 115 members in the class, there were.

Clios,	-	-	-	-	-	52
Whigs,	-	-	-	-	-	61
Neutrals,	-	-	-	-	-	2
						115

## FIRST NINE.

of the class now consists of Sharp, c; A. Henry, p; Glen, 1b; Ward, 2b (Capt.); Buck, 3b; Nisley, ss; Oliphant, lf; W. Gummere, cf; Parker, rf.

## EX-MEMBERS FIRST NINE.

Davis, Hooper, Imbrie, Johnston, J. Kelly, Kline, Pierce, Savage, W. Schell, Spencer, Swenk, Gaston, J. Patterson, F. Schell, Nagle, Gurley, Milligan.

## UNIVERSITY NINE OF 1870.

Sharp, '70, c., T. Glen, '71, p., Pell, '73, 1b., Buck, '70, 2b, (Capt.) Van Rensselaer, '71, 3b., G. Mann, '72, ss., Ward, '70, lf., W. Gummere, '70, cf., Field, '71, rf.

## BIBBIES.

W. Buck; W. Glen; W. Gummere;

## PETRIS.

Miller; Pierce; W. Gummere; Schell; Imbrie; (Hon. Mem.)

## MOSES IN EGYPT QUARTETTE.

Willis; DeWitt; Savage; Guernsey;

## OPTIMATES.

Agnew; Imbrie; T. Patterson; Whitehill; Glen; A. Joline; Schell; Hooper; Green; Kyle; Thomas.

## NASSAU AMATEUR QUARTETTE.

Irvin, air; Johnston, alto; J. Joline, tenor; Van Rensselaer, bass.

## JUNIOR ORATORS.

Crawford; Schell; Bartholomew; Temple; Kyle; Smith; A. Joline; Yeisley.

## LIT. EDITORS.

A. Kelly; Harris; Suplee; Imbrie; Hooper; Green; Halsey; Sessions; Schell; C. Moore, Treasurer.

## CLASS DAY ORATORS.

Brown; Suplee; Harris; Glen; Swenk.

## LIT. ESSAY PRIZES.

Suplee; Thomas; Crockett; Yeisley; Imbrie; Snelby; Sessions (two); A. Joline; Pryor (second); Smith (second).

## COMMENCEMENT ORATORS.

THEODORIC B. PRYOR, *Latin Salutatory*.

WILLIAM H. MILLER, *Greek Salutatory*.

ELMER E. GREEN, *English Salutatory*.

STEPHENSON A. WILLIAMS, *Metaphysical Oration*.

HUGH G. KYLE, *Valedictory*.

GEORGE H. HOOPER, *Classical Oration*.

JOHN E. PETERS, *Physical Oration*.

JOHN T. SHELBY, *Historical Oration*.  
 A. BAILEY KELLY, *Classical Oration*.  
 GEORGE C. YEISLEY, *Belles Lettres Oration*.  
 ADRIAN H. JOLINE, *Literary Oration*.  
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 JOSEPH T. KELLY, *Philosophical Oration*.  
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 D. R. SESSIONS, *Modern Language Oration*.  
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 ELIAS M. PENNINGTON,  
 JOHN VAN VORST, JR.,  
 CHARLES H. MOORE,  
 D. J. SATTERFIELD,  
 CHARLES F. IMBRIE, *Literary Oration*.  
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 WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW,  
 GEORGE ARCHER,  
 JAMES M. CROCKETT,  
 JOHN L. CALDWELL,  
 FRANK H. PIERCE,  
 JOHN L. COOPER,  
 EDWARD P. HAWES,  
 JOHN B. RENDALL,  
 BENJAMIN C. HENRY,  
 HENRY S. HARRIS,

## FAMILIARITIES.

Agnew,—Judge.  
 Alexander,—Aleck. General.  
 Archer,—Sag.  
 Asay.  
 Brown, G.—Glyn.  
 Brown, T.—Tim.  
 Bartholomew,—Bart.  
 Buck,—Gussie. Barry. Captain. Doctor.  
 Caldwell,—Craig. Little Craig. Brigadier. Biscuit. Toots.  
 Cook,—“Coook”. Ku-Klux. Brave.  
 Conrad,—Connie, Soogah.  
 Cooper,—General.  
 Crawford,—Crawfish.  
 Crockett,—Davie. English Dave. Bar-Tamer.  
 Culbertson,—Cub. Cubby. Sue.  
 Davenport,—Davvy.  
 Davis,—Dutch Ed. Tovee.  
 Deaver,—Squire.  
 De Witt,—Mose. Masasaurus.

Dobbins,—Whoa ! Dobbins.  
 Dougherty,—Pat. Irishman.  
 Elmer,—General. Gosh. Puffy.  
 Freese,—Dutch.  
 Gaston,————? Gassy.  
 Glen,—Tar-Heel. Bynum. Big Bill. Big Nigger. Yadkin Co.  
 Green,—Green-eyed Monster.  
 Guernsey,—Giggy.  
 Gummere, S.—Sam-Sam. Thammy.  
 Gummere, W.—Bibby. Petri.  
 Gurley,—Pop-Flyed.  
 Hannum,—Hannah. Lady. Mrs. Buck.  
 Harris,—Belvidere. Alla-but. Yaller. P. J. Van Valzah.  
 Hawes,—Hawes-Collar.  
 Henderson,—William Tell. Poet. Will Jai.  
 Henry, A.—Bullphaut.  
 Henry, B.—Little Bull.  
 Hooper,—General.  
 Husted,—Laura.  
 Imbrie,—Dividers. Pug. Large- Ballist. Gimbrede.  
 Irvin,—Skip.  
 Johnston,—Kit. Small.  
 Joline, A.—Small. Ajax. "Amannensis."  
 Joline, J.—Jai.  
 Keasbey,—Signor Don Mustachio.  
 Kelly, A.—Bailey.  
 Kelly, J.—Jai.  
 Kinkad,—Gas-Bag. Kink-head. D—d Chimera. Spiral.  
 Kline,—Kleinfelder.  
 Kyle,—Parson. Old-Man. Grandpa.  
 Mason,—Thos.  
 McCullough,—Infant.  
 McIlvaine,—Sissy. H2. O. Fish6.  
 McLeod,—Tim. Wild Irishman.  
 Miller,—Wally. Petri.  
 Moore, C.—Signiour.  
 Moore, E.—Dillingham.  
 Nagle,—Ben. Dutch.  
 Newton,—Hasheest-Eater.  
 Nissley,—Dutch. Hummelstown. Honeyman.  
 Oliphant,—Oly.  
 Parker,—Packer.  
 Parry,—Diabolus. Socrates. Sweet Angel.  
 Patterson, J.—Smart.  
 Patterson, T.—Blindy. "T. Pat."  
 Pennington,—Penny. Next."  
 Peters,—Fresh. Mrs.  
 Pierce,—Dicky. Parepa-Rosa. Great Ricardo.  
 Petrie,—Eagel-Hotel.  
 Provost,—Tommy the Provost.  
 Pryor,—Prior primus. T. B.  
 Reed.  
 Rendall,—Rachel.

Reynolds,—Rudolph. Carpet-Bagger.  
 Roe,—Rose.  
 Satterfield,—Sat, Satyr.  
 Savage,—Jack. Big Injun. Brave.  
 Schell, W.—Billy haws. Hard-shell.  
 Scudder,—Scud.  
 Sessions,—Teitscher. Mean Grin.  
 Sharpe,—Jerry. Raddy.  
 Shaw.  
 Shelby,—Small Boy.  
 Shipman,—Mary Jane.  
 Sooy,—“— Where and why?”  
 Spencer,—Wickedest Man.  
 Suplee,—Supple. Didymus.  
 Swenk,—Kutetown. Mr. Pike Co.  
 Tanner.  
 Temple.  
 Thomas,—Patrick Henry.  
 Vanderpool.  
 Van Vorst.  
 Ward,—’Tomus.  
 Whitehill,—Judge.  
 Williams, R.—Billy. Barney. Bobby.  
 Williams, S.—Stephanos. *Planter*.  
 Willis,—Shorty. Spass. Texas Cattle. ‘Infant.  
 Yisley,—Saint. Doctor.

### FULL ROLL OF THE CLASS.

Whigs in Roman Letters, Clios in Italics, Neutrals\*.

AGNEW,	MASON,
ALEXANDER,	McCULLOGH,
ARCHER,	McILVAIN,
<i>ASA Y,</i>	<i>McLEOD,</i>
<i>BARTHOLOMEW,</i>	MILLER,
<i>BERGEN,</i>	MILLIGAN,
BROWN, G.	<i>MOORE, C.</i>
BROWN, T.	MOORE, E.
BUCK,	<i>NAGLE,</i>
CALDWELL,	NEWTON,
CONDIT,	<i>NISSLEY,</i>
<i>CONRAD,</i>	<i>OLIPHANT,</i>
COOK,	PARKER,
COOPER,	<i>PARRY,</i>
CRAWFORD,	PATTERSON, J.
CROCKETT,	PATTERSON, T.
CULBERTSON,	<i>PENNINGTON,</i>
<i>DAVENPORT,</i>	<i>PETERS,</i>
<i>DAVIS,</i>	PETRIE,
DEAVER,	PIERCE,
<i>DE WITT,</i>	<i>PRICE,</i>
<i>DOBBINS,</i>	<i>PROVOST,</i>
<i>DODD,</i>	PRYOR,

DOUGHERTY,  
ELMER,  
FENDALL,  
FOX,  
FREESE,  
GASTON,  
GLEN,  
GREEN,  
GURLEY,  
GUERNSEY,  
GUMMERE, S.  
GUMMERE, W.  
HALSEY,  
HANNUM,  
HARRIS,  
HAWES,  
HENDERSON,  
HENRY, A.  
HENRY, B.  
HOOPER,  
HOOVER,  
HUSTED,  
IMBRIE,  
IRVIN,\*  
JOHNSTON,  
JOLINE, A.  
JOLINE, J.  
KEASBEY  
KELLY, A.  
KELLY, J.  
KINKEAD,  
KLINE,  
KYLE,  
MARSH,  
McCALL,

RAWLINS,  
REEVE,  
REED,  
RENDALL,  
REYNOLDS,  
ROE,  
SATTERFIELD,  
SAVAGE,  
SCHELL, F.  
SCHELL, W.  
SCUDDER,  
SESSIONS,  
SHARP,  
SHAW,  
SHELBY,  
SHIPMAN,  
SMITH,  
SOOY,  
SPENCER,  
SUPLEE,  
SWENK,  
TANNER,  
TEMPLE,  
THOMAS,  
VALENTINE,  
VANDERPOOL,  
VAN FORST,  
WARD.  
WELLING,  
WHITEHILL,  
WILLIAMS, R.  
WILLIAMS, S.  
WILLIS,  
YEISLEY,

ERRATA.—Owing to the haste in which this is finished, we have no time to correct the errata, e. g., Curiosity Shop for Pickwick Papers; odolite for theodolite, etc.

# BASE BALL RECORD

OF THE

## 1st NINE, '70.

Prepared by its veteran scorer, J. C. COOPER.

FIRST NINE.	No. Games.....	No. Outs.....	Average.....	No. Runs.....	Average.....	Fly Catches....	Average Flys...	Positions.....
1 WARD .....	40	101	2..52	102	2..6	57	1..42	2B
2 BUCK.....	39	99	2..54	94	2..41	38	1..	3B
3 GLEN.....	41	124	3..	87	2..12	26	..64	1B
4 OLIPHANT.....	41	121	2..95	69	1..68	30	..73	LF
5 SHARP.....	39	89	2..28	92	2..4	26	..66	C
6 NISSLEY.....	37	74	2..	99	2..67	30	..81	SS
7 GUMMERE, W.....	38	88	2..31	80	2..1	44	1..02	CF
8 PARKER.....	14	38	2..71	20	1..42	4	..28	RF
9 HENRY, A.....	16	41	2..56	26	1..62	6	..37	P
Total.....	41	775		669		261		
ALTERNATES.								
1 KELLY, J.....	13	35	2..69	21	1..69	10	..76	SS
2 KLINE.....	16	41	2..56	22	1..37	13	..81	3B
3 DAVIS.....	9	24	2..66	16	1..77	3	..33	SS
4 GASTON.....	10	27	2..70	24	2..40	4	..40	SS
5 PIERCE.....	6	19	3..16	8	1..33	4	..66	RF
6 PATTERSON.....	9	31	3..44	18	2..	6	..66	C
Sum Total.....	41	952		778		299		

Played 59 games in all. Won 36. Lost 20. Tie, 3.

Total runs for '70, 1,207. Total runs for opponents, 935. '70's average to game, 20.5. Opponents' average, 15.8. Average runs to each game over opponents, 4.7.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

1791

1792

1793

1794

1795

1796

1797

1798

1799

1800

1801

1802

1803

1804

1805

1806

1807

1808

1809

1810

1811

1812

1813

1814

1815



All members changing their address before next March, would confer a favor by informing the Historian of the same, addressing all communications to HILLSBORO, N. H.